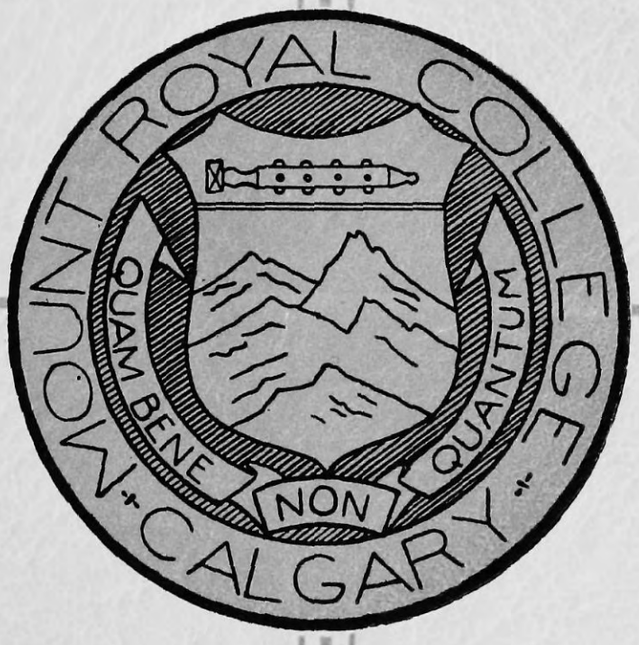
JUNE 1943

VARSHICOM



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JOHN H. GARDEN, B.A., B.D., *Principal*

DEDICATION

Mount Royal College welcomes home its first graduate, Mr. John H. Garden, B.A., B.D. Since leaving Mount Royal, Mr. Garden has travelled far, and accomplished much; he has returned to the College as its principal, to the joy of all the members of the teaching staff and the student body.

Mr. Garden takes a sincere and lively interest in the students under his jurisdiction, offering them unasked-for assistance continually. Perhaps the best example of Mr. Garden's interest is evident in his wish for the dedication of the "Varshicom" to those members of His Majesty's Forces who have gone from Mount Royal College to serve in the ranks, in this, the world's second great war. Thus, in dedicating this year book to Mr. Garden, we dedicate it to these valiant men also.

In earnestly expressing to Mr. Garden a hope for his happiness and success in the future, in carrying out this important work of educating the youth, upon whose shoulders the future of the world depends, we set forth at the same time a prayer for the safety and protection of these soldiers, sailors and airmen whom we know frequently occupy his thoughts.

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FORWARD

By JOHN HENDERSON GARDEN.. B.A., B.D.,
Principal

How quickly this school year has passed into history. We have been so busy, not only with exacting studies, but also with the Women's War Services and the University Air Training Corps. This has made our year's work somewhat heavy but we would not have it otherwise when every loyal citizen is seeking to make the best contribution he can to the all-out war effort of his country.

Tremendous struggles have been taking place while we have studied. Rommel has been chased from Egypt and Africa. Russia has made great advances against fearful odds. The planes of the R.A.F. and the R.C.A.F. have carried the war to Germany. MacArthur and his brave troops are pushing back the armed hordes of Japan. All these things have had a decided influence on each one of us. A deeper assurance of ultimate victory is growing, but also an increasing appreciation of the enormity of the task that confronts us in the winning of the war and in building a better world after peace has come.

However, the intensity of these strenuous days has not caused us to lose sight of the importance of good fellowship and high ideals. If a better world is to be built we must begin where we are. That idea has been before the staff and students as they worked together to make the year's work of the best possible quality. This year's graduates have a keener appreciation of the responsibility that rests upon every citizen in a democratic system of government. They have seen that Canada needs young men and women of alert and trained minds to lead her into the new era and make this a land fit for heroes.

We sincerely hope that all our graduates may respond to the call for a nobler quality of personal and national service and to carry something of the royal spirit of Mount Royal College into the work of the wider world.

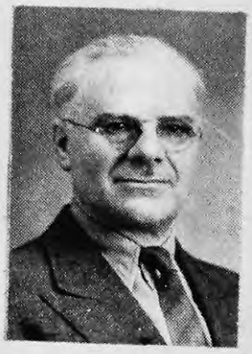
"Come my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world."
—Alfred Tennyson.

MOUNT ROYAL COLLEGE FACULTY

WINNIFRED PACKER

MART VAN STOCKUM

JEAN GILBERT



JASCHA GALPERIN

PHYLLIS CHAPMAN-CLARKE

MARY HUGHES

EARL RUTTAN

GLADYS McKELVIE EGBERT

LEONARD LEACOCK

DULCIE BISHOP

MARJORIE BIRCH

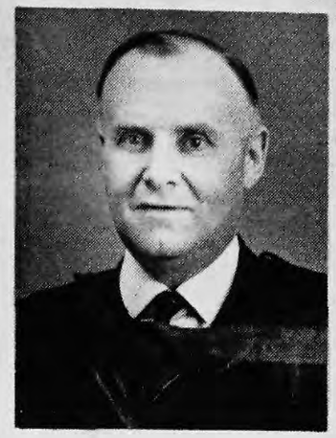
GLYNDWR JONES

NORMA PIPER

KATHRYN DEAN

HELEN ROBINSO

1942-43



QUEENIE KLINE

FLORENCE GILLESPIE

JEAN EVELY

J. H. GARDEN

DORIS ATTWOOD

J. HUGHES

GRACE TRINDER

O. A. KELLY

F. D. JOHNSTON

MRS. McCONKEY

MRS. WASHBURN

R. McREADY

G. HINCHIE

MRS. BURGER

MRS. BURWASH

VALEDICTORY

The Porter at the Gate yawned, looked at the latest arrival, and yawned again.

"The Gate is not at all what I had imagined," mused the Youth. "It's not brightly lighted—and it's rather small."

"All must pass this Gate to get to the Road of Life," remarked the Porter dryly. "All the great of the world have passed through it. They did not complain of its size."

"Oh, I didn't mean anything," laughed the Youth. "But tell me, —those great people—how did they look? What did they do?"

"Oh they were generally quite ordinary," said the Porter. "They differed mostly in their baggage. Some brought nothing. Others were loaded down with all sorts of things—money, learning, weapons, clothes, books, creeds of conduct—everything imaginable. By the way, I should check what you have. The biographers may start pestering me again. It's not likely that you will be great, of course, but then I was wrong about Beethoven. Now let me see—"

"I haven't really anything," interrupted the boy "except, perhaps, memories."

The Porter raised his eyebrows. "Memories? Oh, I see, you mean facts you learned at school."

"No. Nothing like that. I was never brilliant at studies and I learn with difficulty and forget with ease."

"Well then," said the Porter, "some creed—a guide to help you on the way?"

"No, it's nothing like that." The Youth paused. "And yet, in a way it is. I have memories of childhood, of course, but most of my memories are of school—not learning and things like that, and yet not just the pranks I played and the fun I had either. I can't exactly put it in words. My memories are really just scraps—lines from poems that made life seem a splendid thing, a kind act some other boy did, things a favorite teacher said, noble music, landscapes so beautiful you knew there must be a God. You see, it really is a creed."

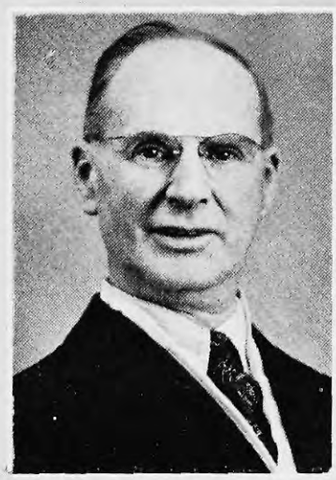
The Porter looked dubious. "Is that all you have?" he asked.

"That is all," said the Youth.

The Gate swung open. The Youth stepped over the threshold.

—Doris McCubbin.

M. R. C. Administration Staff



JOHN H. GARDEN, B.A., B.D.

GEORGE W. WALTERS LENORE WALTERS F. E. CLARIDGE

FRANCES MAY MRS. J. HUGHES MRS. S. STAUFFER MARGARET WILLOX

UNIVERSITY

In wit there's no-one can surpass
The president of our 'Varsity class.

GLEN CUMMINS **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—He's too original to have one.
Pet Aversion—Hydrogen sulphide generator.
Pastime—Drawing illustrative lectures.
Ambition—Another sawbones.
Activities—President of the 'Varsity Class; Feature writer for *Scratch Pad.*

Why take life too seriously?
You never get out of it alive.

JANE RUMSEY **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—Have you got your ticket to——?
Pet Aversion—People with no sense of humour.
Pastime—Trying to get around Daisy Mae.
Ambition—She doesn't want to say, but——
Activities—Editor of the "Varshicom", Literary Representative of Varsity Class; Feature writer for *Scratch Pad.*

Our Donald is both tall and slender,
At dances he's a solid sender

DON DUNLOP **Didsbury**

Favorite Expression—He never says the same thing twice.
Pet Aversion—Shining brass buttons.
Pastime—Dancing.
Ambition—To be a doctor.
Activities—Sports Representative for 'Varsity boys.

Spic and span and lots of fun—
Marie's the friend of everyone.

MARIE WEIR **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—"I don't want to play this game."
Pet Aversion—People who won't hand in biographies.
Pastime—Matching pennies.
Ambition—To study music abroad with Joan Hobson.
Activities—Social Rep. of 'Varsity Class.

It seems you'll never find him shirking,
For when he's not at school he's working.

JOHN HUNT **Calgary**

Favorite Expression — "Now fellows."
Pet Aversion—He's just good-natured.
Pastime—Military secret.
Ambition—He says it's too late to start having an ambition.

Tall and dark, and beauteous too,
She loves to cut up cats at zoo.

BETTE EDMANSON, Calgary

Favorite Expression—"I don't get it."
Pet Aversion—Gremlins.
Pastime—She won't commit herself.
Ambition—To continue the study of music.
Activities—Sec. Treas. of the University section.

This lad should get ahead all right
For studying is his main delight.

BOB JONES **Calgary**

Favorite Expression — "Aw shucks!"
Pet Aversion—Incorrect French verbs.
Pastime—Studying and sleeping—a draw.
Ambition—Another sawbones.
Activities—Vice-President of the 'Varsity Class.

A red-headed damsel is cute Elaine,
Who never yet has lacked a swain

ELAINE MacLEAN **Pincher Creek**

Favorite Expression—"I hate you——"
Pet Aversion—Earthworms at zoology.
Pastime—Studying, when there is nothing else to do.
Ambition—To get Don Medhurst in on time some night.
Activities—'Varsity girls Sports Representative.

A glamorous kid, whose eye is rovin',
Is Council President, Norman Hovan.

NORMAN HOVAN **Milk River**

Favorite Expression—"Hello, you ole——"
Pet Aversion—Clinging vines.
Pastime—"Phill"ing his life to the full.
Ambition—A career in medicine
Activities—President of the Students' Union.

A quick-witted, good-natured lass
Who's working hard to top her class.

JOAN HOBSON **Calgary**

Favorite Expression — "Oh, you're so mean to me!"
Pet Aversion—Studying.
Pastime—Teasing amorous soldiers at Currie Barracks Canteen.
Ambition—To study music abroad with Marie Weir.

Myrtle hails from Calgary,
A shining light at Chemistry.

MYRTLE BAXTER **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—"Did you bring your lunch?"
Pet Aversion—Unnecessary work.
Pastime—Reading.
Ambition—To be a school teacher.
Activities — Inter - Varsity Christian Fellowship.

FRANK BENEDICT **Olds**

Favorite Expewssion—"What did you get in that exam?"
Pet Aversion—Shaving for parades.
Pastime—Sleeping.
Ambition—To run 100 yards in 10 seconds.

When on a week-end he's not around,
You may be sure he's homeward bound.

ALAN BLAYNEY **High River**

Favorite Expression—"Hey Roy."
Pet Aversion—Not girls, anyway.
Pastime—Pillow fighting with Hovan's pillow.
Ambition—Radio Engineering.

And still they marvelled, and yet their wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew.

MAVIS CHITTICK **Calgary**

Favorite Expression — "Oh nuts."
Pet Aversion—Fakes of all kinds.
Pastime—Reading.
Ambition—To be a Chemist.

Studious, but lots of fun,
Eileen's a pal to everyone.

EILEEN MOULDS **Calgary**

Favorite Expression — "Oh nuts!"
Pet Aversion—Has none.
Pastime—Dancing, skating, badminton.
Ambition—To live in the East.

Although he's taking Math. and Chem.,
His motto is, "Cherchez la femme".

ELDON FOOTE **Didsbury**

Favorite Expression—"Why didn't you wake me up?"
Pet Aversion—Modern art.
Pastime—Cartooning.
Ambition—Commercial Artist.
Activities—Vice-President of the Students' Union; Art Editor of the "Varshicom".

Tall and dark and no-one's fool,
He comes to work when he comes to school.

LLOYD HINCH **Calgary**

Favorite Expression — "Oh Yeah!"
Pet Aversion—Passing out cigarettes.
Pastime—Daisy Mae.
Ambition—Honors Chemistry.

Ruth comes from the cold northland,
She's always willing to lend a hand.

RUTH STEELE **Rimbey**

Favorite Expression—"Let's not be sarcastic shall we?"
Pet Aversion—Men.
Pastime—Eating, whenever possible.
Ambition—Lab. work in Bio-Chemistry.

Life would be more of a song
If Zoo just hadn't come along.

RUTH STALEY **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—"Ah Nuts!"
Pet Aversion—She hasn't one.
Pastime—Music, reading.
Ambition—Lab. Technician.

A Home-town product, Carmen should
Help prove that home-town boy makes good.

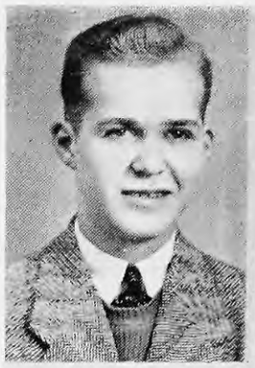
CARMEN BLISS **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—"Are you buying today Pulleyblank?"
Pet Aversion—Mathematics 40?
Pastime—Snooping with a candid camera.
Ambition—To be a Research Chemist.

I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden hand in mine.

GORDON HUMES **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—"I feel like a little moron."
Pet Aversion—The Law of Thermo-Dynamics.
Ambition—To get a violin to go with his hair.



Fond of beauty, sport and laughter,
Pleasure first and business after.

DORIS McCUBBIN, Calgary

Favorite Expression—"I must have been behind the door when the brains were passed out."
Pet Aversion—People who make cracks about her hair-do.
Pastime—Doing a marathon to school every morning.
Ambition—Clock puncher.

She slept and dreamed that life was beauty—
She woke and found that life was duty.

GWEN RICHARDSON **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—"What a life!"
Pet Aversion—Work.
Pastime—Reading and music.
Ambition—To be a teacher.

A shining light of M.R.C.,
But shining buttons we seldom see.

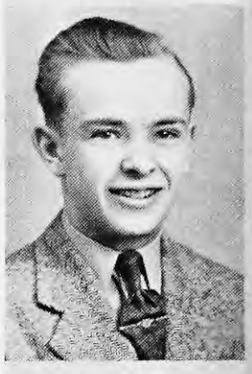
ROBERT LAZO **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—"Are you buying today Bliss?"
Pet Aversion—Polishing buttons.
Pastime—Counting squares on graph paper.
Ambition—To be a petroleum engineer.

When not attending M.R.C.
He plays both jazz and symphony.

BOB PULLEYBLANK **Calgary**

Favorite Expression — "Are you buying today Lazo?"
Pet Aversion—Buying for the boys.
Pastime—Painting posters.
Ambition—Personnel manager in industrial plant.
Activities—Cartoonist for the *Scratch Pad.*



All great women are dying, and
I'm not feeling so well.

JUDY SHAPIRO **Calgary**

Favorite Expression — "Quick Jane, what's the French for this?"
Pet Aversion—Having to refuse dates.
Pastime—Boogie-Woogie.
Ambition—To get to History on time.
Activities—Reporter for the *Scratch Pad.*

One of the finest boys in the dorm,
He's always mooching food for Norm.

ROY RASMUSSEN, Standard

Favorite Expression — "By gum!"
Pet Aversion — Browning's poems.
Pastime—Playing leap-frog over Blayney.
Ambition—Dentist.

Albert was a quiet lad
Who liked to write for our "Scratch Pad".

ALBERT ANDERSON **Donalda**

Pet Aversion—Wasn't here long enough to cultivate one.
Favorite Expression—"It appears to me."
Ambition—To be a doctor.
Activities — Inter 'Varsity Christian Fellowship.

Because of the energy plus he had
"Speed" is the name we gave this lad.

ALAN HUNT **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—"I think, or is it just me?"
Pet Aversion—Becoming tongue tied.
Pastime—Choir boy.
Ambition—Medicine (to give, not take).

MOUNT ROYAL COLLEGE

In Affiliation with the University of Alberta as a Junior College

JOHN H. GARDEN, B.A., B.D., Principal

Residential and Day College for Young Men and Young Women

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LITERARY

Ad Infinitum

By Jane Rumsey

●

The busy city street is filled with crowds of men and women pressing onward and pouring out from yawning doors. They, all of them, pass me, because they each hurry to a goal towards which I cannot aim—they have reason to hurry. There are a million different world surging through the lamp-lit city street tonight—a million individual worlds; but they are, each of them, fenced and forbidden. There is a barrier around them beyond which I cannot pass—a million barriers whose cold, craggy iron railings I can feel—and I am alone.

My heart is numb tonight, but my mind continues to think about the sea of faces which streams around me and in whose path I am engulfed. I am in a crowd: I am alone.

I see a man, like me, passed by. He saw the world at strife before. He enlisted in the ranks of those who fought "the war to end wars". He stood many years ago looking across the cobble-stoned square before the Cloth Hall, Ypres. In the daylight he saw the frustrated achievements of centuries of toil lift haggard stony fingers to heaven; at night, the glassy moon "wink through the chinks" in the honey-combed walls. He looked down over a valley racked and ruined by powerful scientific weapons; it has a name —Oh yes, Happy Valley. What does he think today? Is he bitter, or like myself, perplexed? Twenty-seven years ago a smiling young girl said good-bye to him at the station. There were flags waving, trumpets blowing and tears. Four years later she had been there to welcome him. He still has something, a wife and two children. One's heart is filled with Rugby, the other—War. I looked to this man but he is beyond my reach. He is drawn to a place where for a short time at least, he will find happiness. I am alone.

I step ahead towards another man. He is a soldier. His buttons shine when he nears the street light. His eyes are sanguine as the morning flush, his life lies before him with all it holds in store for him, but he is not afraid of it, no, not he! Even death he is prepared to meet, whenever it might come upon him. He is a soldier. He sees this war as he should see it. He sees the glory and hears the drums, while the blackness escapes him, and even his hatred for the foe thrills him. I slacken my pace. The placard on the gate into his world reads "Keep Out". I moved towards him only because I was alone.

A woman next comes within my range of vision. I am almost too weary to think, but I need comfort, and she looks kind. She hastens towards a home and a dinner table where there is an empty place tonight, and although she is not bereaved, she is very bitter. She has no hope or trust in God. She cries:

"They fight a million graves to fill, the hearts
they break,
The blood they spill are nought."

Her life has been a happy one till now, and her spirit is not hardened to the blow. She, like so many others has become unnerved and stumbles when tested. She seems nearer to me now than anyone else I have seen passing me by, and yet she, too, has others awaiting her return. She has someone else, and I—quite alone.

Through many years I have built castles in the air, beautiful, wonderful castles, which we have talked of together. They were not built on fancy, but on sound and noble ideals, and now—this little slip of yellow paper trembling in my hand seems sufficient to bring them all crashing to the ground. Would that I were crushed beneath the wreckage!

The gray dawn no longer brings me joy. I hate the sun because it is so bright, the rain (we used to love it) too wet. The sunset brings me grief. I wake from sleep and sob, because I think I feel him breathing deep into punctured lungs beneath some foreign sod. Please God, forgive—forgive if war was brought at Thy behest. I know not whether I desire life for him or death for me and peace, for I know only that my soul is torpid and humanity goes by and leaves me all alone.

The world into which I had so freely passed has gone from me now, and I am left outside the gates, hungry, cold, forsaken—"soul-hydropic with a sacred thirst"—I want to enter it again: I must reach it. I call and call, but my voice is powerless and fades into the vastness of the universe, like the light of a small lantern on a schooner in the fog. Why does he not answer? Am I not playing my part, is that the reason? Do I not grieve

Tam O'shanter

(With apologies to Robert Burns)

●

The street-cars all had left the street
But Tam a friend had chanced to meet,
And to his friend 'twas plain to see
That Tam was just as dry as he.
Says he, "Let's stop off for a talk,
And incidentally split a crock".
(You see this poem is old-fashioned—
In those days liquor wasn't rationed.)
He thought not of the time it took
To walk (he'd lost his ration book
For gasoline, and lived no less
Than nine miles hence—out near Bowness.)

Suffice it then that drinking suited
Tam, and he was fair polluted
When finally the cronies parted
And on his homeward way he started.
On either side he cast his eye,
For gremlins might be lurking nigh.
So soaked was he in potent brew,
He did not give much thought unto
Old Satan and his dusky band
Who after midnight roamed the land.
While urging on his erring feet
He stumbled down a darkened street
And saw at t'other end a glare
Which lit the street from way down there.

He wandered forward to the light
And saw a most uncommon sight—
Warlocks and witches all were jiving,
And even more were still arriving.
Old Nick sat on a pile of bone,
And sent them on the saxophone,
So Tam could see from where he stood
That Nick was in the groove, but good.
Those supernatural jitterbugs
Sure knew the score at cutting rugs
And even closer sidled Tam
To watch that bunch of bogies jam,
For Tam when foggy from a bender,
Just loved to see a solid sender.
A horde of battered bags were out,
And there is very little doubt
Tam would have left, had he not seen
A streamlined frail of seventeen;
Because she wasn't over dressed
She stood out well among the rest.
She agitated Tammy's bean,
Of all the mob she was the queen.
And the thrill of the evening was when out
Queenie tripped
And Old Nick played the polka while she
stripped.

"Hey, take it off!" did Tammy shout,
And all at once the lights went out.
(This carelessness you must excuse—
The janitor had blown a fuse.)
The mob pursued him in a flash,
So Tammy made a mighty dash.
If he could only get up steam
Enough to get across the stream!
(For spirits, you must not forget,
Can't stand to let their feet get wet.)
The babe who danced to the strip tease
Ran like a feather in the breeze,
And Tam, sad though 'tis to relate,
Was getting short winded of late;
So he was much dismayed to find
That she was running close behind.
There's nothing that can more arouse us
Than having someone grab our trousers,
And Tam, sad though 'tis to relate,
Was shortly in this sorry state.

To terminate our long romance—
Tam crossed the bridge, but lost his pants—
For Queenie kept behind for loot
The bottom half of his zoot suit.
We'll put a moral to our pome
And say: "When you're away from home
And want to go out on a spree,
Consider first the penalty,
And while you're watching someone dance,
Remember Tam O'Shanter's pants."

Robert Pulleyblank.

---

for him with my whole heart? I have been turned from every door tonight; that I can endure, while this I cannot. This one door, big, broad, and so familiar to me, will it not swing upon its great iron hinges? Please come to me once. Speak to me one last time, for "I fall upon the thorns of life, I bleed".

"Do not grieve for me. If your faith in God is firm, do not weep now. I have been taken from you for a short time, because by this last challenge of war, my earthly mission has been rendered complete. We are put into the world to develop a character and enfold a personality which will never be taken from us. We are sent to face troubles, some of which are placed in our way by our Creator, to mould our souls. If we but hoard and sleep and feed, how are we better than the gentle sheep pasturing upon the moors? Do not count my sacrifice as any greater than your own for you must smile, and carry on the struggle 'ad infinitum' alone. I know that you will be brave. I know that you will live so that my death shall not have been in vain, and through the years I shall wait for you with my arms wide open."

"Gregori"

by James Allan

Due, I suppose, to the unbalanced state of affairs rising out of the revolutionary turmoil of the post-war period, the quality of Russian footwear has fallen off somewhat over the last number of years. As a result I have often had occasion to pay visits to my cobbler, Osynchuk, in order to have my shoes repaired. Such frequent visits soon resulted in the formation of a close friendship with the old gentleman. Often of a Sunday evening I would take a leisurely stroll out to his humble home in the Krestovski district, where we fell into the habit of smoking a pipe or two in the rather dark, low-roofed kitchen of the Osynchuk home.

On many of these evenings only an occasional word would be passed between us, and that some remark on the quality of our tobaccos or the excellence of our pipes. It was rare indeed when old Papa Osynchuk, in a more sociable and communicative mood, would tell me of the days of the revolution. I still remember vividly the evening that he told to me the tragic story of Gregori Maychak and his family. Old Papa Osynchuk sat before me on the low bench, his back against the rough plank-board wall, while with many little side-issues and observations, he slowly unwound the tragedy of Gregori Maychak's Christmas. Like all Russians, my friend loved to tell a story, (and loved to tell of his experiences and of how things had appeared to him). I knew that I must not hurry him, and I am glad that I did not, for if I had the story would have become partly mine, and that would not have been right. I will tell you the story as near to the way Papa Osynchuk told it to me as I am able to remember.

"That is a very strange house of Gregori Maychaks. At least a very strange thing happened there last week. First the military police came, and of course a horde of curious people gathered around the house. Commissar Timenko strode forward and knocked upon the door. Everyone fell back very respectfully, because Timenko is a good official and will stand for no interference. I am sure the citizens are very proud of him. Since no one opened the door, Comrade Timenko and his soldiers broke it down and entered the house.

"I did not see what happened inside the house, because of course I was not allowed to go in. You see I am only a common citizen, and not really very important. My friend Ribnekop went in. Ribnekop sits on the Municipal Soviet, so of course he is an honest man, otherwise how could we depend upon our Soviets. Ribnekop said that he was very surprised when he entered that house. You would not think that odd, if you knew Ribnekop. He is really quite a common fellow.

"Ribnekop said that Gregori was not in the house, but of course I did not tell Ribnekop of my having seen Gregori later in the evening. Perhaps Gregori was fortunate in not being there, since Timenko might have dealt with him as he did with the others, or even worse.

"I always thought that the Maychaks were strange, but of course I did not realize what had been taking place. Police Commissar Timenko is a very clever man, and a man of quick action. Ribnekop told me that Timenko had the Maychak family brought before him one at a time in order that he might dispose of them. Of course Petra, the little boy, was not injured. I think Timenko had him sent to the new school for boys at Tamka, though of course that may not be true.

"You remember Gregori's sister Marusian She has grown to be a big girl now. A womas in the street told me that one of Timenko'r soldiers had been in Marusia's room fot some time, and that when they came ouy Marusia was crying. Ribnekop did not san anything about that, and of course the womae who told me was not beautiful, hence sh? was very likely to believe that of a girl like Marusia. Timenko and his soldiers took Marusia away with them that night. Marusia is a very beautiful young girl. It is too bad that she should be treated in such a manner.

"Ribnekop said that whatever the trouble had been, Timenko seemed to place the blame upon Gregori's mother. I don't know what she had told Comrade Timenko, or what she had refused to tell him, but finally everyone came out of the house. Timenko stood on the steps of Gregori's house and made a very fine speech, but he soon stopped because it was too cold and no one was listening. After the speech they shot Mother Maychak. When she was lying in the cold snow against the wall, I noticed that her feet

were bare. I think Timenko should have let her put her shoes on. After the soldiers had gone back into the house, I decided that I would go home. The shooting of Mother Maychak had made me rather ill, and besides, I was cold and hungry.

"It was just after I had left the crowd that I saw Gregori. He was standing against one of the houses a little way off, very erect and very still. He did not notice me, but kept looking towards his house and towards his mother lying in the cold snow.

"Afterwards I went over to where he stood and spoke to him. He did not answer me nor move, but kept looking down the street. I could see that there were tears on his cheeks. I took Gregori by the arm, and we came here by a back road. I took Gregori in here where we are now. He sat by the fireplace, without speaking or looking up. I did not like to say anything to him, because I suppose he was thinking of what had happened, perhaps mostly he was thinking of Marusia.

"Later that evening, after I had made some coffee for us to drink, Gregori told me what had been the trouble. You see Gregori and his family had been very good Christians, and had always gone to mass in the days before the Bolsheviki. On this night when first the police came, and then the horde of curious people, Maychaks had been celebrating Christmas, just as they do in your country. Of course the Soviet does not encourage such Bourgeois tendencies. Still, Timenko was perhaps rather severe. I told Gregori that he should not think too much of this matter, because of course, there is always trouble where the people who rule are either too noble or too common. Gregori seemed to be very bitter. He said that his God had forsaken him, but I do not think that he really meant that. Afterwards he left, and I have not seen him since."

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS - Continued from page 37

HOCKEY DANCE

Friday, February 12, the Hockey Club of Mount Royal College sponsored one of the most successful dances of the year. The hall was originally decorated with hockey sticks, skates and the players' sweaters. Fred Boalch supplied the music and the local talent was most surprising. Lunch was served and dancing continued until 12:30. The dance was a fitting climax to the season's hockey activities. The members of the hockey team were all good sports. They enjoyed their practices and played some very good games. Good luck to them in the future!

SADIE HAWKINS DANCE

On Friday, March 5, Sadie Hawkins day was rigorously observed in Mount Royal College. On the bulletin board rules were posted to regulate the dress and general behaviour during the day. Girls must:

1. Wear pigtails.
2. Wear no make-up.
3. Wear clothes backwards.
4. Make all dates.
5. Pay all evening's expense.
6. Consider boys first in everything.

During the day there was much excitement. Gaily-colored ensembles were paraded up and down the halls. Pigtails, long and short, fat and lean, appeared in place of careful coiffures. Ten-ton clod-hoppers were seen where dainty slippers had been. Oh well, they had broad understanding, the girls.

An eventful day was climaxed by a very charming dance. The entire party was arranged by the commercial department, Marion Kelly as president.

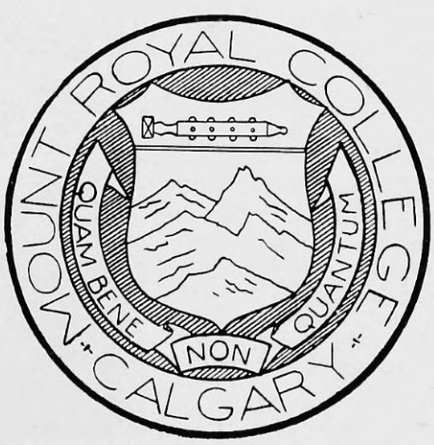
DANCE

For the first time in the history of Mount Royal College a tea dance was held. The students had sold tickets earlier, to make enough money to buy a record-player attachment for the radio. The sales were very successful, and the tea dance was arranged so that proceeds should buy records for the new attachment.

Dancing began at 4:30 and tea was served in the common room from 5:30 to 6:00. Dancing then continued until 7:30.

And so the social events of the year came to a close. No mention has been made of various smaller activities which added to and rounded out our social functions. No mention was made of our church parades, none of our get-togethers in recess, nor our after-exams post mortems, but all these had their place in the year's activities. The academic knowledge which we have gathered during the year will help us in the future and will lead us to new opportunities, but these social functions will be things we will remember in years to come. These enjoyable parties will come to our memories again and again, and will make us wish we were back at school once more. Our educational fabric having been woven firmly and strongly, our parties have added a frill or a fringe to catch the eye and translate our deep feelings about our college into something tangible.

HIGH SCHOOL



Editor of our dear "Scratch Pad",
He's just a handsome Coleman lad.

JAMES ALLAN **Coleman**

Nickname—Jim.
Favorite Expression — "Say, Goosey!"
Pet Aversion—Dinah Shore.
Pastime—The *Scratch Pad.*
Ambition—Newspaper Editor.
Activities—Editor of *Scratch Pad.*

Tall and blond and really good-looking,
Always likes to know what's cooking.

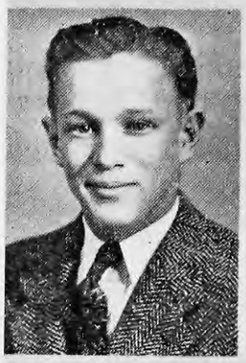
ISABEL MUNRO **Carstairs**

Favorite Expression—"Please shut the door."
Pet Aversion—Getting up in the morning.
Pastime — Basketball and sports.
Ambition—'Varsity.
Activities—Girls' Sports Representative of High School.

Russ is the fellow the gals fight over,
Known as Mount Royal's Casanova.

RUSSELL DIXON **Medicine Hat**

Favorite Expression — "Aw, Shucks!"
Pet Aversion—Commercial students.
Pastime—Wolfing.
Ambition—He lost it.
Activities—Sports Editor on the *Scratch Pad.*



Why did he have to leave us,
When he knew 'twould grieve us?

ALAN GRAHAM **Coaldale**

Nickname—Coach.
Favorite Expression — "Why Shuuuu . . . re!"
Pet Aversion—Noise before 11:58 Saturday mornings.
Pastime—Counting hockey team wins.
Ambition—To get to French someday.
Activities—Coach of M.R.C. Hockey team; Treasurer of Students' Union.

With the girls he has quite a line
And that's where he spends most of his time.

LLOYD BOWHAY **Airdrie**

Favorite Expression—"Let's you take me to a show."
Pet Aversion—Biology.
Pastime—Counting the days till the next blackout.
Ambition — To say "Holy heck" with the right accent.

Never good humor does this lass lack
Except when the mail from the north is slack.

VERA REDDEKOPP **Acme**

Nickname—Beera.
Favorite Expression—"Well, really I just can't make up my mind."
Pet Aversion—Australians.
Pastime—Music, maybe!
Ambition—To go on relief.
Activities—Vice-President of High School; Sports Editor.

He's the lad with hair on his face;
In U.A.T.C. he sets the pace.

JACK GARDEN **Calgary**

Favorite Saying—"Back home in Hamilton."
Pastime — Rugby, hockey, track, model aircraft; women!
Pet Aversion—School.
Activities—Sports Representative for High School.

Art is the pianist in the Mount Royal crowd,
He's also a good student and an airman proud.

ART HAMILTON, Red Deer

Pastime—Tempting girls from study period.
Favorite Expression — "Aw, heck!"
Pet Aversion—Going to bed early.
Ambition—To become a great doctor of medicine.
Hobbies—Swimming, music.

She's a girl with a swell disposition;
To be a teacher is her ambition.

SADIE SWARTZ **Calgary**

Favorite Expression — "Okay, Kid."
Pet Aversion—Homework.
Ambition—School Teacher.

When he visits, it isn't his aunt,
To be a wolf he surely can't.

EUGENE McLEAN **Brant**

Favorite Expression—"Shoot! You're loaded."
Pet Aversion—Work.
Pastime—Romin!
Ambition—To be a farmer.
Activities—Baseball.

Bish is the fellow with cute little curls;
His favorite pastime is flirting with girls.

MARVEN BISHOP
Arrowwood

Nickname—Bish
Favorite Expression — "Hey you mugs."
Pet Aversion—Shaving every morning.
Pastime—Reading, fighting, hockey.
Ambition—Doctor.

Sammy, who comes from Revelstoke,
Always is telling some corny joke.

SHIRLEY MIDDLETON
Revelstoke, B.C.

Favorite Expression—"Ah, go on."
Pet Aversion—Scraping nails on windows and boards.
Pastime—Listening to Harry James.
Ambition—Air Marshall in R.C.A.F. (w.d.)

She hails from Garfield, is lots of fun;
Both this year and last she rated A-1.

ROSETTA MOORE, Garfield

Nickname—Rose.
Favorite Expression—"Oh Yipes!"
Pet Aversion—Not getting letters when she wants them.
Pastime—Working and eating.
Ambition—To be a nurse.

Grant is a lad, lean, lanky and tall,
With a mischievous grin he greets one and all.

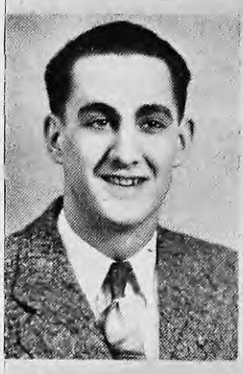
GRANT WILLAN Calgary

Favorite Saying—"I'm stoopid."
Pastime—Eating, sports.
Pet Aversion—Work.
Ambition—To pass Grade XII.

Chuck is handsome, tall and dark,
When we went to press, the heart throb was Clarke.

CHUCK KEATING
Medicine Hat

Favorite Expression — "Oh, come now."
Pet Aversion—Women.
Pastime—Wolfing.
Ambition—Follow in the footsteps of Dorothy Dix.



This girl with the happy laugh comes from Munson;
She's the lass with a smile for everyone.

PAULINE MACDERMID
Munson

Nickname—Paulie.
Pet Aversion—Fridays.
Fav. Exp.—"Don't be funny!"
Ambition—She's not sure yet.
Activities—A whiz at badminton.
Pastime—Knitting and reading.

A dark-haired lass and lots of fun,
As midnight cook she rates A.1.

PAULINE SELLER, Longview

Pastime—Music, dancing, skating.
Pet Aversion—Those exams!
Favorite Saying—"I'm going to study real hard—tomorrow night."
Ambition—To be a dietician.

Stan's the boy with a swell physique;
You can say the same for his technique.

STAN KOBLUK, Delbourne

Favorite Expression — "Not bad, eh?"
Pet Aversion—Getting up in the morning.
Pastime—Women.
Ambition—National hockey league.
Activities—Hockey team.

The cold winter has no fear,
For he wears spats—his standdard gear!

ALEX McDONALD, Calgary

Favorite Expression—"No!"
Pet Aversion—Homework.
Pastime—Woodwork.
Ambition—To make money.

Swell personality, full of vitality,
Originality—not punctuality.

MARION McNEILL, Calgary

Favorite Expression — "Well, darn me."
Pet Aversion—People who sniff.
Pastime—Going to dances.
Ambition—University.

A local product Teddy is,
And at school work he's a whiz

TED BIRD **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—"Not so f-a-s-t-"
Pet Aversion — Attending school
Pastime—Roller skating.
Ambition—Doctor at John Hopkins.

She's tall and dark, and usually quiet;
But, with Gordie she's quite a riot!

DORIS CROWLE **Calgary**

Favorite Expression — "For goodness sake!"
Pet Aversion—Eating lunch with the kids in Commercial.
Pastime—Playing the piano and Gordie.
Ambition—To be a nurse.
Activities—Gordon Humes.

A nurse of repute will be Beverly Bailey,
For all of her duties she'll accomplish most gaily.

BEVERLY BAILEY **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—"That's a song."
Pet Aversion — Getting to school on time.
Pastime—Dancing and Sigma Phi Gamma.
Ambition—Practice nursing in the States.

The quietest boy we have in the dorm,
Although at sports he shows true form.

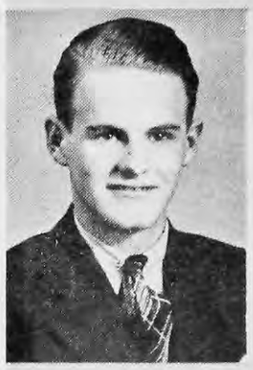
HERSCHELL FAWCETT **Blackie**

Favorite Expression—"Do you know what?"
Pet Aversion—Friday afternoon classes.
Pastime—Sports and shows.
Ambition—Druggist.

John's been here for two whole years
And will be here for more, he fears

JOHN GIBNEY **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—"You'd be surprised."
Pet Aversion—He likes everything.
Pastime—Cadets and bowling.
Ambition—Mounted Police.



She plays the piano, the violin,
We can't tell her from her twin.

DOROTHY DEWAR **Drumheller**

Favorite Expression—"Have a cookie?"
Pet Aversion—Serving fish and jello at the dinner table.
Pastime—Imitating her sister.
Ambition—To go to University and get a musical degree.

She's short and dark, a cute little miss,
Her constant chatter we'd certainly miss.

PEGGY CADIGAN **Calgary**

Nickname—Pegs.
Favorite Expression—"I don't care kids, I don't care."
Pet Aversion—Hair ribbons.
Pastime—Fun.
Ambition—None.

Charles, a good scholar, we all agree;
A good sport, and a credit to M.R.C.

CHARLES GARDEN **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—"Hey, you guys."
Pet Aversion—Getting to class on time.
Pastime—Model aeroplanes.
Ambition—To be a great surgeon.

He gets the boys up every day
And quickly sends them on their way.

DICK CLIFFORD **Donalda**

Nickname—Earthquake McGoon.
Favorite Expression — "Oh M'gosh! Tolerable."
Pet Aversion—Clearing the Social Room.
Pastime—Working in the Lab.
Ambition—Forestry Engineer.
Activities—Dramatics, successor to Alan Graham as Treasurer of the Students' Union.

Joan comes here from Lethbridge town,
She's never been seen a-wearing a frown.

JOAN HAMILTON **Lethbridge**

Favorite Expression — "Go spray your lawn with talcum powder."
Pet Aversion—Lazy people.
Pastime—Work and phone calls.
Ambition—Secretary.

Vulcan gives us this young lad,
For the first few months what a time he had.

KEITH McPHERSON
Vulcan

Favorite Expression — "Got anything to eat?"
Pastime—Swimming.
Ambition—Naval Engineer.
Nickname—Mac.

This girl from Calgary has a sunny smile
And makes you think that life's worth while.

YVONNE SKINNER, Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Don't do that!"
Pet Aversion—They're usually taller than she is.
Pastime—Dancing and working.
Ambition—To be a general nuisance.

A ray of sunshine in our crowd,
Although in class her laugh's very loud.

HELEN STAFFORD Brooks

Favorite Expression—"Did I tell you about the time—?"
Pet Aversion—Getting weighed.
Pastime—Long distance phone calls.
Ambition—To be a mascot on the H.M.C.S. St. Hyacinthe.
Activities—Secretary of the Students' Union.

He's tall and blond—his work's very neat;
We know one girl who thinks he's sweet.

CLARE MALMBERG
Mossleigh

Favorite Expression — "No! Did it?"
Pet Aversion—Writing poems.
Pastime—Baseball and hockey.
Ambition—Petroleum engineer
Activities—Hockey team.

Murph's the guy with the wavy hair;
When it comes to dancing, he's a second Astaire.

GORDON MURPHY, Brooks

Nickname—Murph.
Favorite Expression—"These damn cold-sores!"
Pet Aversion—Colds.
Pastime—Playing Trombone.
Ambition—Engineer.

In her tweed jackets she's certainly smart;
We think it's the Navy that's captured her heart.

RUBY WARD **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—"Oh my dear, I'm simply exhausted."
Pet Aversion—School.
Pastime—Phoning Butch to see if the ship's in.
Ambition—To board a certain ship.

He's a man from Big Valley,
Who didn't come to dilly-dally.

CHARLES USHER
Big Valley

Favorite Expression—"Please."
Pet Aversion—Women.
Pastime—Teasing Willan.
Ambition—To live in the sticks.

Though neither handsome nor tall,
He's rated "tops" by us all.

HOWARD McROBBIE
Blackie

Favorite Expression—"Where's Aleith?"
Pet Aversion—Shaving.
Pastime—Hiking, shooting—and talking!
Activities—Humor Editor, Biographies for Year Book.

Don is a meek and mild guy;
His theory is it's a sin to tell a lie.

DON MEDHURST, Foremost

Nickname—Wee Donny.
Favorite Expression—"Everybody picks on me!"
Pet Aversion—Life.
Pastime—Elaine.
Ambition—Commission in 16 months.
Activities—Hockey, Bowling.

Even though he's good at school
He's the type that loves to fool.

JACK PARDER **Calgary**

Nickname—Spider.
Favorite Expression—"Hi ya Doc!"
Pet Aversion—Algebra.
Pastime—Model building and Chemistry.
Ambition—Chemical engineer.

If there were more boys like Mike
There'd be a lot more whom we'd like.

MICHAEL GIBNEY, Sarcee

Favorite Expression —"Hey, did you get this question?"
Pet Aversion—Buying the coffee.
Pastime—Trying to get June's phone number.
Ambition—To become a great surgeon.

Ready for anything, Marion is,
Except for a Trig or a Science Quiz.

MARION DEWAR
Drumheller

Favorite Expression—"I don't know!"
Pet Aversion—Catching 5 a.m. train back to M.R.C.
Pastime—Reading.
Ambition—University and Musical Degree.

She's small and dark and lots of fun;
Wherever there's mischief she'll be around.

PHYLLIS MILLER
Major, Sask.

Favorite Expression—"What a life!"
Pet Aversion—Onions.
Pastime—Down in the Chem. Lab. with Hovan.
Ambition—Depends on fate and Hovan.

Bill's an easy going jerk
Who hates to come to school to work.

WILLIAM WILSON
Turner Valley

Favorite Expression — "Of course you're kidding."
Pet Aversion—School work.
Pastime—Reading "Dime Detectives".
Ambition—Captain of a tramp steamer.
Activities—Hockey and snooker.

He played the pipes this blond Scotch lad—
Between Morag and math what a time he had.

BILL GORDON **Calgary**

Nickname—Willie.
Favorite Expression — "For scream's sake, Feisal!"
Pet Aversion—Women who smoke.
Pastime—Morag, piano and pipes.
Ambition—Electrical Engineer.
Activities—All sports; music.

Shirley plays the violin—
In competition she's bound to win.

SHIRLEY HURST, Calgary

Nickname—Judy.
Favorite Expression—"Yipe."
Pet Aversion—Going to a spare period.
Pastime—Roller skating.
Ambition—To become a famous musician.

He likes to joke and pull a pun,
With little work and lots of fun.

DAVE GOSLING, Dalemead

Favorite Expression—"And I quote——".
Pet Aversion—Attending parades.
Pastime—Writing poetry.
Ambition—A best seller.
Activities—Humor editor for *Scratch Pad*.

Helen is a tall and winsome lass,
And is often seen trying to skip a class.

HELEN SHORE **Calgary**

Nickname—Pancho.
Pet Aversion—Trig.
Pet Saying—"Musta' been a Gremlin."
Ambition—Doctor.
Pastime—Playing piggy back with Kenny.

This girl from Lethbridge, with eyes of blue,
To friends and college is always true.

BEA HAMILTON, Lethbridge

Favorite Expression—"Oh, I dunno."
Pet Aversion—They are everywhere, especially Calgary.
Pastime—Knitting, going for walks.
Ambition—She's not sure yet.

Don is really very neat and trim,
The girls often bother him.

DON GOULD **Brant**

Nickname—Red.
Favorite Expression—"Yea but this is my last dime."
Pet Aversion—Well, it isn't blondes, brunettes, etc.
Pastime—Beating up on Bish.
Ambition—Doctor.
Activities—Sports.

Stuart, a real airman, we all agree
Is a great asset to M.R.C.

STUART RICHARDSON **Calgary**

Favorite Saying—"Oh Horsefeathers!"
Pastime—Wolfing, dancing, swimming.
Ambition—Civil engineering and to pass Chem.
Nickname—Stu.

He's the lad with the freckled face;
On week-ends he sets quite a pace.

NORMAN SIMPSON, Airdrie

Favorite Expression—"I don't know."
Pet Aversion—U.A.T.C.
Pastime—Snooker.
Ambition—To get out of U.A.T.C.

Now he's a Corporal, his only ambition
Is to keep on working till he gets his commission.

TOM ROWAN **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—"Wanna fight Bish?"
Pet Aversion—School work.
Pastime—Calgary Tanker.
Ambition—Arc Welder.

If we were half as quiet as he
What a joy to our teachers we'd be.

JOHN SHERMAN, Edmonton

Favorite Expression—"What did we have for French?"
Pet Aversion—Women.
Pastime—Tennis.
Ambition—Finish school.

He's happy-go-lucky and full of fun—
Commonly known as our "li'l Jack-son".

JACK SUNNELL, Sylvan Lake

Favorite Expression — "Aw, Say!"
Pet Aversion—Chapel.
Pastime—Bowling, dancing.

He's the lad of rod and gun,
Always out to have some fun.

GILES WILDERMAN, Blackie

Favorite Expression—"Hey, Brayton."
Pet Aversion—French III.
Pastime—Polishing U.A.T.C. buttons, playing piano with J. Ross.
Ambition—Electrical Engineer.

Rod came here from "north by east";
He loves to joke and loves to feast.

RODERICK WILKES **Big Valley**

Nickname—Li'l Audrey.
Favorite Expression—"Naughty, Naughty!"
Pet Aversion—Gene Autrey.
Pastime—Piano and growing long fingernails.
Ambition—To be a great artist.

A shy young laddie with bright coloured hair,
And he never does know what he is going to wear.

ROBERT TREACY, Hussar

Nickname—Bob.
Favorite Pastime—Piano playing.
Pet Aversion—Necking and Latin.
Ambition—To play the piano at Carnegie Hall.

Jack's a sober lad, we all agree.
But he is very well liked at, M.R.C.

JACK ROSS **Aden**

Favorite Expression — "Call you at 6:00 a.m."
Pet Aversion—Passing out cigarettes.
Pastime—Shows with Aleith.
Favorite Sport—Table tennis.

Not Clark Gable, but an actor, he
Who led the drama at M.R.C.

CLYDE DIXSON **Groton**

Favorite Expression — "Yes Sir."
Pet Aversion—Having to listen to swing music.
Pastime—Studying.
Ambition—Chartered accountant.

A busy girl, with algebra and work;
For in a drug store she's an A-1 clerk.

MARY HUSTON **Blackie**

Pet Aversion—Stairs.
Pet Saying—"So help me!"
Ambition—Pharmacist.
Pastime—Teasing the twins.

In the month of March she came to study here,
And with her brought both joy and cheer.

DOROTHY ROSTROP **Carstairs**

Favorite Expression—"Here's that man again."
Pet Aversion—Reference being made to her red hair.
Pastime—Driving editors mad.
Ambition—To be a pharmacist.

Co-Editor of our own "Scratch Pad",
We all agree he's quite a lad.

AUBREY ROE **Woolford**

Favorite Expression—"Now you're cooking with gas."
Pet Aversion—Girls who can't act their age.
Pastime—Digging up gossip for the paper.
Ambition—To be a petroleum engineer.
Activities—Co-Editor of the *Scratch Pad.*

He's the lad that swings the baton
To help the kids who like hep-cattin'.

FRED BOALCH **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—"Hey, Helmer!"
Pet Aversion—Homework.
Pastime—His own lit' orchestra.
Ambition—To become a great band leader.

Butch keeps trying to sleep through lectures—
He bought his texts to look at pictures.

DARRYL BRAYTON **Pincher Creek**

Nickname—Butch.
Favorite Expression—"Hey, Wilderman."
Pet Aversion—Getting up.
Pastime—Reading and Sleeping.
Ambition—Doctor.

Full of mischief, pep, and fun,
Never known to have homework done.

DONALD GILLIES **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—"Hey, Pinky!"
Pet Aversion—All women but Joy.
Pastime—Joy Patterson.
Ambition—To run 50 inch snooker.
Activities—Annoying teachers.

She's not the Myrt of radio fame,
But a swell sport who plays the game.

MYRTLE CLARKE **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—"Ah nuts!"
Pastime—Aussies and A.Y.P.A.
Ambition—To pass Social Studies.
Nickname—"Myrt".

LIFE OF THE HOUSE FLY

By VERA REDDEKOPP

Once upon a time there was a little fly called Musca Domestica. Mrs. Musca Domestica was watching a chicken laying an egg one day, so she said, "If a chicken can lay an egg, why can't I?" So instead of laying one egg, she went out to the dirty old home of Horace Manure, and laid millions of them. The next day, lo and behold! in the place of the eggs were some little worms which Mrs. Musca Domestica, to save all the trouble of naming them specially, called maggots. What a touching thought! Well, her little maggots soon got hungry, as all little maggots do, and they ate all kinds of decaying stuff. Then what do you think happened? They got so sleepy they just curled up in their sleeping bags (called pupa cases) and went to sleep for six days. But when they woke up, they were not maggots any more, they were grown up musca domesticas (flies to you).

THE END.

CHEM. LAB. BLUES

I never drink formaldehyde,
It upsets me so.
It makes my tongue go in and out,
My eyes roll back and then I shout,
"Jehosaphat, my Jo".

I sometimes take a little sip
Of nitroglycerine—
It adds a something to the life
Of what I might have been.
But no one knows what agonies
I suffer when I think
Of all the lovely chemicals
That were not meant for drink.

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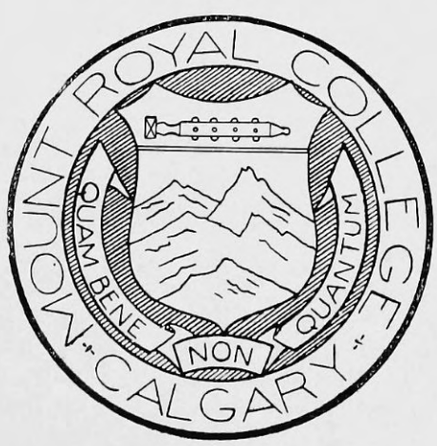
MUSIC & SOCIAL



The Mount Royal College Conservatory of Music

The year 1942-43 has seen some radical changes in the policy of the conservatory of music. Each department has been put under the supervision of Calgary's most prominent musicians and teachers. Mrs. G. Egbert is in charge of the piano department, Mr. Jones is in charge of the vocal department, the theoretical department is in the competent hands of Mrs. Clarke, and Mr. Galperin is the head of the strings department as well as Dean of the Conservatory.

There have been regular Saturday assemblies for piano students in the auditorium of the college. These friendly assemblies facilitate greater ease in concert and recital performances, doing away with stage fright which is so prevalent among the students.

Mrs. Egbert conducts piano pedagogue classes weekly, to inform the student teachers of the newest methods of teaching, that is, the science of teaching.

There have been six student recitals for the public, the performers being from all departments of the conservatory. There have also been two chamber-music recitals comprising the music of Bach, Handel, Mozart, and others, as well as Leider by Brahms and Schubert.

All departments have participated in the weekly broadcasts which have alternated between chamber-music and the Mount Royal College Junior Symphony Orchestra. With the Symphony Broadcasts soloists have been presented from all departments.

Now we come to the Mount Royal College Junior Symphony Orchestra, which is the pride and joy of Mount Royal College as well as the city of Calgary. This amazing aggregation of students under the baton of Jascha Galperin has thrilled many Canadians with their outstanding performances. They will conclude a very successful season in June with another concert. They have already given one concert. May we take this opportunity to thank Mr. Galperin and the Symphony for the pleasure they have given us and wish them every success in the years to come.

The year 1942-1943 has been the most active year of the music Conservatory in the history of the College. It is the aim of Mr. Galperin to put the Mount Royal College Music Conservatory on a par with some of the better Eastern musical institutions. This year has shown the way to this aim, and it is our sincere belief that it can and will be done.

Jascha Galperin, the Director of the Conservatory of Music and the head of the String Department studied in Russia, Germany, Italy and Rumania under famous teachers in the great European Conservatories. Since coming to Canada he has lived in Calgary except for one year in Winnipeg. He was concert master of the Calgary Symphony Orchestra while it was functioning. Mr. Galperin is the founder of the Junior Symphony Orchestra. This orchestra is known to Canada, United States and England for its splendid work.

The head of the Piano Department is Mrs. Gladys McKelvie Egbert, who is an outstanding teacher and pianist in Canada. Mrs. Egbert received F.R.A.M. from the London Royal School of Music. There are just three musicians in Canada who have this honorary degree.

The head of the Vocal Department is Mr. Glyndwr Jones, an outstanding Welsh baritone. For his outstanding work he received F.R.A.M. from the London Royal School of Music. He is the choir leader of the Wesley United Church.

Miss Norma Piper, a Canadian artist who studied in Italy with outstanding teachers, appeared as a Prima Donna in Grand Operas there. She is also a fine concert singer and teacher.

The head of the Theoretical work is Phyllis Chapman Clarke, L.R.S.M. and B.A. She is the organist at Central United Church.

Leonard H. Leacock, L.R.S.M., A.T.C.M., is one of the first members of the Conservatory, and is an outstanding pianist and composer. One of his symphonic works, "Western Prelude", was played by the Junior Symphony Orchestra and was highly praised. He is also Dean of the Boys' Residence.

The other teachers are: Mary Hughes, L.R.S.M., A.T.C.M.; Marjorie Birch, L.R.S.M., A.T.C.M.; Dulcie Bishop, L.R.S.M., A.T.C.M.; Kathryn Dean, L.R.S.M., A.T.C.M.; Helen Ketchison Robinson, A.T.C.M.; Earl Ruttan; Winnifred Ellston Packer; Brian King; Queenie Kline, L.R.S.M., A.T.C.M.; Jean Gilbert, L.R.S.M.; Jean Evely, L.R.S.M.; Gertrude Taylor, L.R.S.M.; Mr. Mart Van Stockum; Mr. A. Crossley.

MOUNT ROYAL JUNIOR SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Conducted by **JASCHA GALPERIN**

The Mount Royal College Conservatory of Music gives the opportunity to all the students to display their talents in monthly Recitals. Most of the outstanding talent is given the opportunity of appearing as soloists with the Junior Symphony Orchestra. Chamber Music is very much encouraged by performing sonatas, trios, quartettes, etc.

There is a baby orchestra which practices once a week. The children are under 9 years of age and are under the leadership of Earl Ruttan.

The Junior Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Jascha Galperin, practices once a week all the year around, and gives two or three concerts a year at the Grand Theatre.

The faculty members present a few Chamber Music Recitals during the year for the benefit of the students.

Gladys McKelvie Egbert is giving Pedagogy classes for teachers and students.

The first time since the Conservatory has been in existence Mr. Garden, the Principal of the College, introduced Scholarships to the students in all Departments. Prizes will be given from Grade I to Grade VIII. Grade IX will be given Silver Medals; Grade X—$25.00 Scholarship to be applied on tuition; Piano—Dr. Kerby Scholarship; Vocal—Judge C. J. Ford; Strings—Dr. G. D. Stanley; A.T.C.M.—$25.00 Scholarship applied on the Tuition; Heintzman Co. Scholarship for Piano; Mr. George Walters Scholarship for Vocal; Principal John H. Garden Scholarship for the Strings. Two money Scholarships for woodwind and brass—$15.00 each given by Jascha Galperin, Director of the Conservatory.

The College is giving prizes to the Junior Symphony Orchestra members for best attendance, conduct and progress.

Social Functions

Although through mathematics we may learn to calculate velocity and acceleration, although through zoology we may learn of the inner workings of frogs and fishes, it is through social functions and contacts that we learn to live in the world. We make lifelong friendships and we develop personalities by means of participation in these seemingly irrelevant affairs. Social functions in Mount Royal College during the winter of 1942-1943 were beneficial and at the same time particularly enjoyable. Some of the students may have lost nights of sleep over decoration, refreshment, or ticket-sale worries, but all the orchestras arrived, played, and were paid, all the party-goers were fed, and all the parties thoroughly enjoyed.

HALLOWE'EN DANCE

The opening dance of the year came with the black and orange jelly beans, the broom sticks, and witches. The dance was held on October 31, in the auditorium of Mount Royal College where everyone jived to the music of Tommy Dorsey, Glen Miller, and Mart Kenney and the like, supplied by a Wurlitzer. It was a dance organized by the Students' Union to help the students become better acquainted with one another, and carried out its purpose admirably. Refreshments were served in the dining room during intermission after which dancing continued until 12:00.

OPENING FORMAL

"Beautiful girls, handsome men, good music", put them all together and who could help having a good time? Such was the case at the first formal of the year. The music referred to was supplied by Jerry Fuller and his orchestra; need we tell who the beautiful girls and handsome men were?

The hall was decorated with blue and white streamers around the central theme, a large hoop, mindful of the May pole.

At 11:00 lunch was served, and "short work" was made of the sandwiches, cake and "cokes". Dancing then continued until 1:00, after which all the students left reluctantly.

INAUGURATION CEREMONY

On October 29, 1942, the inauguration of Mr. John Henderson Garden took place in Central United Church. Dr. Kerby, the founder of Mount Royal College, having retired last year, Mr. Garden was unanimously chosen by the board of governors as his successor.

Mr. Fred Stapells, of the board of governors, introduced him and described him as "a good business-man, a man of sterling character and years of experience." Dr. Kerby officiated at the investitute of his former pupil in his own former position.

The Junior Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Jascha Galperin, played "O Canada" and the congregation remained standing as Mr. Garden, a colorful figure in his scarlet robes of office, walked in the academic procession to his place upon the platform. The presentation of the principal-elect was given by Judge C. J. Ford M.A., K.C., LL.D.; reply and reading of the charge by Dr. G. D. Stanley; John Henderson Garden responded. Rev. G. W. Kerby, B.A., D.D., LL.D., gave the installation, followed by a prayer and a solo. Brief congratulatory messages were given, and an address by Robert Newton, M.C., B.S.A., M.S.C., Ph.D., F.R.S.C., President of the University of Alberta. The ceremony closed with the singing of "God Save the King".

BARN DANCE

People are still laughing over the barn dance held in the Mount Royal barn on November 27. There was a handsome turnout of farmers and hands of every description. All pseudo-agriculturalists came in their old duds with straw behind their ears and hay seeds in their hair. The hall was cleverly decorated with a life-size horse, very kindly lent by T. Eaton Co. Ltd., and saddles, bridles, pitch forks and many other atmosphere-creating articles. Thanks to Sheriff McGoon there was no feudin' and no bloodshed (nothin' to laugh at at all). Howard McRobbie called several genuine square dances. Jack Love and Gordon Humes, with the milk-maids Marie Weir and Jane Rumsey, serenaded the cow, Kate, with several touching love songs. Mr. McCready and Mr. Hughes judged Peggy Cadigan the best dressed milk-maid, and Stan Kobluk won the moustache contest, ably judged by Mrs. McConkey.

Sharpened appetites were quickly satisfied with hot-dogs, cocoa, and doughnuts. Dancing then continued until 1:00. The dance was sponsored and arranged by the members of the University class, and after the dance was over, they were able to donate to the Red Cross a supply of wool which had been collected at the door as admission from the girls. The barn dance was acclaimed a great success.

CHRISTMAS SUPPER AND DANCE

Friday, December 11th, a very delightful supper was served to resident students and members of the staff of Mount Royal College. Table lists were made out and each group were asked to decorate their own table. The tables were then judged by the staff and a prize was given to the party consisting of Doreen Wheeler, Margaret Tedesco, Jolayne Milligan, Dorothy and Marion Dewar, Dolly Ross and Pauline Seller.

At 8:30 a dance began in the auditorium and boys from the School of Technology were guests. There was a grand march led by Mr. and Mrs. Garden and directed by Jean Gauld, a real Scottish Lassie who sang "Lass for Me". This number was dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Garden. Jean was encored and this time sang, "Waggle o' the Kilts", which was most delightful; but, the crowds were still not satisfied so she sang, "I'm to Marry 'Arry". Miss Gauld has won a number of medals for various types of dancing and we were honored to have her perform for us.

Santa Claus arrived bringing toys for everyone, old and young alike. Later in the evening the toys continued on their way to unfortunate children of various homes in Calgary.

RESPIRATOR WRIGGLE

"What a delightful raid!" exclaimed everyone as they filed out of the "Bomb Shelter" from the "Respirator Wriggle", sponsored by the University Students on Friday, January 22. The small turn-out enabled everyone to jitterbug to his heart's content as Jerry Fuller and his orchestra supplied the music.

The highlight of the evening was the "Fashion Parade" with famous models from Mount Royal College Studios. Miss Jacqueline (Jack) Parder, the famous tennis star, wore the latest in a tennis outfit. Miss Gordenia (Gordon) Humes gave the men a thrill when she paraded the floor in the 1945 model of the so-called housecoat. A quiet day on the farm was portrayed by Miss Eldene (Eldon) Foote, who wore the fashionable "Broom-stick" skirt and sheer blouse. Ah! what all men waited for—Ruselle (Russ) Dixon, the one and only bathing beauty in captivity—what am I saying?—showed us how . . . Donelda (Don) Dunlop, from the local studios, modelled this season's dinner dress. Runner up for the 1943 Sweater Girl was Miss Gordona (Gordon) Murphy, showing what the well dressed college girl will wear.

The "all clear" sounded at 11:00 and the wardens came in with refreshments—coke and cake for everyone. Dancing then continued and at 1:00 everyone went home, tired and happy.

Continued on page 21

COMMERCIAL

She's a girl with a heart of gold,
All our troubles to are told.

MARION KELLY **Pincher Creek**

Pet Aversion—Dust.
Ambition—To get Pat up early one morning.
Pastime—Entertaining second floor.
Favorite Expression—"Where's my key?"
Activities—Pres. of Commercial Class.
Nickname—(Miny)

In school she may be quiet and wise,
But when she's out, she's otherwise.

AUDREY HALL, High River

Favorite Saying—"I simply must write a letter to Don."
Pastime—Figuring out ways to do nothing.
Pet Aversion—Nurses.
Ambition—A diplomat's wife.
Activities—Secretary of the Commercial Class; Bowling Committee.

Irene—crazy, clever, popular,
There's no one here can equal her.

IRENE CLARKE **Banff**

Favorite Expression—"I mean—after all."
Pastime—Skiing in Banff when she's not asleep in Room 23.
Ambition—Fourteen of them.
Activities—Sports Representative for Commercial Dept. Typist for *Scratch Pad.*
Nickname—Persia.

Popularity is where Aleith rates,
She's the gal with all the dates.

ALEITH COLLINS, Milk River

Favorite Expression—"Oh! What am I saying?"
Pet Aversion—Lights on after 11:00.
Pastime—Howard.
Ambition—Secretary.

Greta Allen's quite a gal,
And when you know her—quite a pal;
She has to suffer for her knowledge,
'Cause she doesn't like to go to College.

GRETA ALLEN **Castor**

Favorite Saying—"Yeah."
Pastime—Staying away from school.
Pet Aversion—Bookkeeping.
Ambition—A good (?) stenographer.

Margie is a damsel dark,
And always ready for a lark.

MARGARET TEDESCO **Barons**

Nickname—Maggie.
Favorite Saying—"Those children!"
Pastime—Dancing, jazz.
Pet Aversion—Men! Oh yeah?
Activities—Commercial vice-president.
Ambition—Singer.

Mary belongs to the Chi Beta Rho;
Whenever you see her she's on the "go".

MARY WEIR **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—"Gosh, golly!"
Pet Aversion—Short men.
Pastime—Dancing.
Ambition—Private Secretary.
Activities—Social Representative for Commercial class.

Joy is the gal with all the pep,
When it comes to fun she tops the set.

JOY THOMAS, Milk River

Favorite Expression—"Thank you, I'll be right down."
Pet Aversion—Opposite sex.
Pastime—Bothering someone.
Activities—Literary Representative of Commercial.

Peggy is a lovely lass,
With lots of brains as well as class.

PEGGY CAMPBELL **Lethbridge**

Favorite Exp.—"For Pete's sake! I have to write a letter."
Pet Aversion—Trains. (She rides one every week.)
Ambition—To marry Buzz and grow nutmegs.
Nicknames—Pegs, Cam.
Pastime—Typing for *Scratch Pad.*

Smart as a whip, with mathematical mind,
She will do her bit, we need more of her kind.

EILEEN BRAWNER **Tees**

Pet Aversion—Transcription.
Pastime—Working.
Ambition—A travelling private secretary.

Fern is a jolly girl, much like her sister Fay,
And tho' her work may bother her, as a rule she's bright and gay.

FERN BURFORD, Big Valley

Pastime—Usually studying.
Pet Aversion—Opera.
Ambition—Old Maid Rancher.
Favorite Saying — "Come on 'Fay, Fay'."

Mary was a good girl and always came to school,
She did her work neat and good, and never broke the rule!
(Are you kidding?)

MARY CROOKE Calgary

Nickname—Crook.
Favorite Saying—"Oh for gosh sakes."
Pastime—Canteen work.
Pet Aversion—None.
Activities—Dancing, skating.
Ambition—Good "steno."

Audrie's a native of this fair city,
And is known to be very witty.

AUDRIE TURNER Calgary

Favorite Saying—"Ohh-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-."
Pastime—Bowling.
Pet Aversion—Butter in her lunch.
Ambition—To be a travelling stenographer.
Activities—C.G.I.T.

This blue-eyed blonde is a regular clown,
An A-1 hairdresser and liked all around.

DOREEN WHEELER, Acme

Pet Aversion—Chocolate pudding.
Pastime—Singing at the crack of dawn.
Ambition—Get a job and buy scads of clothes.

The little girl from Pincher Creek,
For her the teachers constantly seek.

PATRICIA CARSWELL Pincher Creek

Nickname—Pat.
Pet Aversion—Getting up in the morning.
Ambition—To go to South America.
Pastime—Reading.
Favorite Expression — "That sweater has shrunk again!"

Hazel is the girl we don't know well,
But in spite of that we think she's swell.

HAZEL POWELL Calgary

Favorite Saying—"You're crazy."
Pastime—Walking.
Pet Aversion—Quarrels.
Ambition—A stenographer.

A Drumheller girl with always a smile,
Doris Ann is a friend worthwhile.
Each morning we find her in a stew—
To the R.C.M.P. she vows she'll be true.

DORIS REISHUS, Drumheller

Favorite Saying—"I'm hungry"
Pastime—Playing the piano.
Pet Aversion—Homework.
Ambition—To travel.
Activities—Sports, dancing.

Five feet two, with eyes of brown,
Always eating and acting a clown.

ANNA ROGERS Acme

Favorite Expression—"Cheesit kids, it's de cops."
Pet Aversion—The farm.
Pastime—Listening to Will Bradley.
Ambition—To be a lawyer's private secretary.

A girl full of charm, and very sincere,
To your troubles she'll oft lend her ear.

MARJORY BURNS Didsbury

Favorite Expression—"I didn't get any homework done."
Pet Aversion—Men.
Pastime—Skating, playing the piano.
Ambition—To get the shower before the water is cold.

From Macleod to Calgary she found her way,
She does her work—but she loves to play.

MAXINE ELLIOTT, Macleod

Nickname—Max.
Favorite Expression — "Hey, you kids."
Pet Aversion—Shepherd's Pie.
Pastime—Drinking Cokes.
Ambition—Get married.

There was a young lady named Vera,
Who wanted a big careera,
Commercial she'd try, but the Wrens caught her eye,
And she ended up a deck swabber

VERA MELDRUM, Raymond

Favorite Saying—"Cheater, cheater, cheater."
Pastime—Lunch.
Pet Aversion—Work.
Ambition—Travelling.
Nickname—Biddy.

Peggy is smiling, friendly and cheerful,
Of lacking friends she need never be fearful.

PEGGY MERCER Calgary

Favorite Saying—"Almost on time, this morning!"
Pastime—Dancing and roller-skating.
Pet Aversion—Work!
Ambition—To be a Commercial Artist.

Midge is the girl with the figure so small,
Who may be found in any dark hall.

MARJORIE EDITH McBRATNEY Acme

Nickname—Midge.
Favorite Say.—"Where's Ann."
Pastime—Dancing.
Pet Aversion—School.
Activities—Softball, walking.
Ambition—Switch board operator.
Weakness—Trucks an' truckin'

The studious girl from Mount Royal College
Who likes to fill her head with knowledge.

MURIEL McBRATNEY, Acme

Nickname—Curly.
Favorite Expression—"I say there!"
Pet Aversion—Rumors.
Pastime—Violin.
Ambition—Journalist or Foreign Correspondent.

Everyone says, "sweet little Jo",
But when they say that, little do they know.

JOLAYNE MILLIGAN Carbon

Nickname—"Jo".
Favorite Saying—"For heaven's sake."
Pastime—Wasting people's time, showering.
Pet Aversion—8:30 bell.
Ambition—To write a sequel to "Gone With the Wind".

She's short and dark and very coy,
And most definitely sure she's met THE boy.

EILEEN NEUFELD Lethbridge

Pet Aversion—Men as short as herself.
Ambition—To get Pat to listen to just one of her lectures.
Pastime—Shopping.
Favorite Expression — "Are you kiddin'?"

Seemingly shy to those who know her not,
But fun to those who in frinedship share her lot.

GAIL PALMER Calgary

Favorite Saying—"ARE we late again?"
Pastime—Dancing and skating
Pet Aversion—Getting up in the morning.
Activities—Member of Jr. Symphony.
Ambition—A first-rate secretary.

A girl from Fernie, she has lots of fun,
With Aussies and dancing—but her work's always done.

DOROTHY ROSS Fernie, B.C.

Nickname—Dolly.
Favorite Saying—"Gee, that's swell."
Pastime—Sleeping.
Pet Aversion—Studying.
Ambition—Secretary.

Her first name's Pam, followed by Steele;
She has what it takes, call it "umph" or "appeal".

PAM STEELE Calgary

Favorite Saying—"I hate men!"
Pastime—Collecting—records.
Pet Aversion—Cowboy music, but not cowboys.
Ambition—To fly.
Nickname—Rusty.

She comes from Taber, she's fond of honey,
Not because of its taste, but because of Sonny.

CATHERINE STUART, Taber

Nickname—Kay.
Favorite Saying—"H-m-m, I didn't get it."
Pastime—Sonny.
Ambition—To receive a military allowance.

Her letters are her pride and joy,
Casey'll do well if he's the chosen boy.

JEANETTE HOFMAN
Nobleford

Favorite Expression—"Thank goodness, another day of school is ended."
Pet Aversion—Lucifer, although she is not personally acquainted.
Pastime—Writing to Casey.
Ambition—To become a Civil Servant.

To her there is no greater joy
Than motorcycling like a boy.

JOAN HONEYMAN

Favorite Expression—"Hey!"
Pet Aversion—Doing dishes.
Pastime—Music.
Ambition—Foreign Correspondent.
Activities—Active participant in War Services.

A blonde-haired girl, tall and true;
The Aussies like those eyes of blue.

KAY HUNTER **Calgary**

Favorite Saying—"Oh, you sad man."
Pastime—It does pass, doesn't it.
Pet Aversion—Hill-billy music.
Ambition—To be a private secretary to some handsome man.

An outdoor girl, who loves to skate;
We all think that she is first-rate.

BERTIE JENKINS, Calgary

Favorite Saying—"Tonight I'll do some home work."
Pastime—Horseback riding.
Pet Aversion — Could be "work".
Ambition—To be a nurse.

She's one swell girl from over the blue;
She likes Canada, but to England she's true.

JOAN CARLTON, England

Favorite Expression — "More fun!"
Pet Aversion—Those Canadian accents.
Pastime—Heading due south for Gus'.
Ambition—To sit on some rich boss's knee.

Dark and quiet, with a shy little smile,
With the help of her giggle she makes life worth-while.

BERTHA KOOY **Nobleford**

Nickname—Bert.
Favorite Saying—"I'm expecting a letter from him next month."
Pastime—Roller-skating and drawing.
Pet Aversion—Song "For Me and My Gal".
Ambition—Secretary.

The more you put into a thing,
The more you get out of it.

PAT LYNN **Barons**

Favorite Expression — "I'm sorry," said she, "with a smile on her face."
Pet Aversion—Lucifer.
Pastime—Keeping Emmett company.
Ambition—Stenographer or blues singer.

Beside her friends she'll always stand,
With a ready smile and a helping hand.

IRENE LODERMEIER
Milk River

Favorite Expression — "That ain't buying the baby any shoes."
Pet Aversion—Getting up in the morning.
Ambition—To go to Dawson with Joy.

She goes through life with a smile and a song—
On those typewriter keys she travels along.

NELLIE LAMB, Drumheller

Favorite Saying—"Mummy, buy me that one."
Pastime—Writing letters.
Pet Aversion—School.
Ambition—To be a court reporter.

"To know her is to love her."

EDITH MADSEN, Standard

Favorite Expression—"Is it time to get up yet?"
Pet Aversion—Bells, especially in the morning.
Pastime—Receiving parcels from home.
Ambition—To be a professional bookkeeper.

The girl with the giggle on second floor,
Her laugh rings out for ever more.

ALICE FINLAYSON **Drumheller**

Nickname—Finn.
Favorite Expression—"Te he he he he he he."
Pastime—Bowling and dancing.
Pet Aversion—Dragging of feet.
Activities—News Representative.
Ambition –A doctor's Secretary.

They call her Fay, who is always gay,
Yelling "Hey, What have you got to say."

FAY BURFORD, Big Valley

Nickname—Tweedle-dee.
Favorite Saying—"Hurry up."
Pastime—Usually homework.
Pet Aversion—Lights out! Lights out!
Ambition—Old maid rancher.
Activities—Riding, drawing, dancing.

A bonny lass from the land of heather,
She can dance as light as a feather.

JEAN GAULD **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—"Hoot, mon!"
Pet Aversion—To be called Irish.
Pastime—Dancing, concert party work.

Those demure dimples, those sparkling eyes,
A winsome lass and quite a prize.

LAURA GRIER **McLeod**

Pet Aversion—Other people taking her phone calls.
Ambition—To be ready on time just once.
Activities—Dancing and looking for Stinky.
Pastime—Making social calls from room to room.
Fav. Exp.—"Honest, Miss Attwood I didn't do it this time"

A prairie girl with winning ways
Is always sunny on rainy days.

JEAN HERRON **Hanna**

Favorite Expression — "Hi kids!"
Pet Aversion—Swearing.
Pastime—Embroidering.
Ambition—Advancement as a stenographer.

If she keeps on developing her culinary art,
She'll find the way to some man's heart.

JEAN GARDEN **Calgary**

Favorite Expression—"I'm not kidding."
Pastime—Walking.
Pet Aversion—Ray not being here!
Activities—Dancing, walking.
Ambition—A private secretary to a handsome man.

The airforce and the T.C.A.—
She loves them all and goes on her way.

MARGARET FOWLER **Lethbridge**

Nickname—Margy.
Pet Aversion—Cowboy songs.
Ambition—To storm universities from coast to coast.
Activities—Dancing, sports.
Pastime—Getting in and out of romances.
Favorite Expression—"I hate men."

This girl from Drumheller dislikes a short feller,
But all the fellers like her.

LUCIELE MARY REISHUS **Drumheller**

Nickname—Lou.
Favorite Saying — "Come again."
Pastime—Needlework.
Pet Aversion—Short men.
Activities—Dancing.
Ambition—Dietician.

A happy gal with a friendly smile,
Who makes you feel that life's worth while.

JEAN BURWASH

Favorite Expression — "Oh Gosh."
Pet Aversion—Not getting home week ends.
Pastime—Reading.
Ambition—To become a nurse.

Her heart is set on a man named Roux,
We wish her happiness her whole life through.

PHYLIS HODNETT **McLeod**

Pet Aversion—Food.
Ambition—To have a private chef.
Activities—Dancing and looking for Pinky.
Pastime—Catching the mice in the dorm.
Favorite Expression — "I'm gonna do up my hair tonight."
Nickname—Stinky.

Scot is the lass with the cute little smile,
Who thinks that Bill is really worth while.

MORAG McDOUGALL
Champion

Nickname—Scotty.
Favorite Expression — "Well, for crying in the kitchen sink."
Pet Aversion—Mr. Five by Five.
Pastime—Playing the piano and eating.
Ambition—To travel around the world.

The lass with a bright and shiny eye
Can explain any instrument used in the sky.

ALMA D'APPOLONIA
Coleman

Nickname—Rosebud.
Favorite Expression — "One never knows, does one?"
Pet Aversion—Jealousy.
Pastime—Entertaining on the piano.
Ambition—Private secretary.

Alice is so sweet and gay,
She comes from down Castor way.

ALICE SEAMANS **Castor**

Nickname—Curly.
Favorite Saying—"You're telling me!"
Pastime—Embroidery.
Pet Aversion—Studying.
Activities—Dancing, walking.
Ambition—Hairdressing.

W. H. CARR, *Branch Manager*
110 - 6th Ave. W., Calgary *Telephone* M1507

FEATURES

THE EDITORIAL

The world is tiring of war. In 1939 during the romantic period of the war, democracy was flaunted in meaningless phrases, and songs like the Siegfried Line were sung everywhere. Likewise, the grim period so aptly described by Mr. Churchill's "Blood, Sweat and Tears". Now, talk of peace and reconstruction characterizes this most recent stage as the world nears the end of the fourth year of warfare. Copious plans for post-war policy have been introduced to the governments of most of the allied nations, and the importance of home front stability has been emphasized repeatedly.

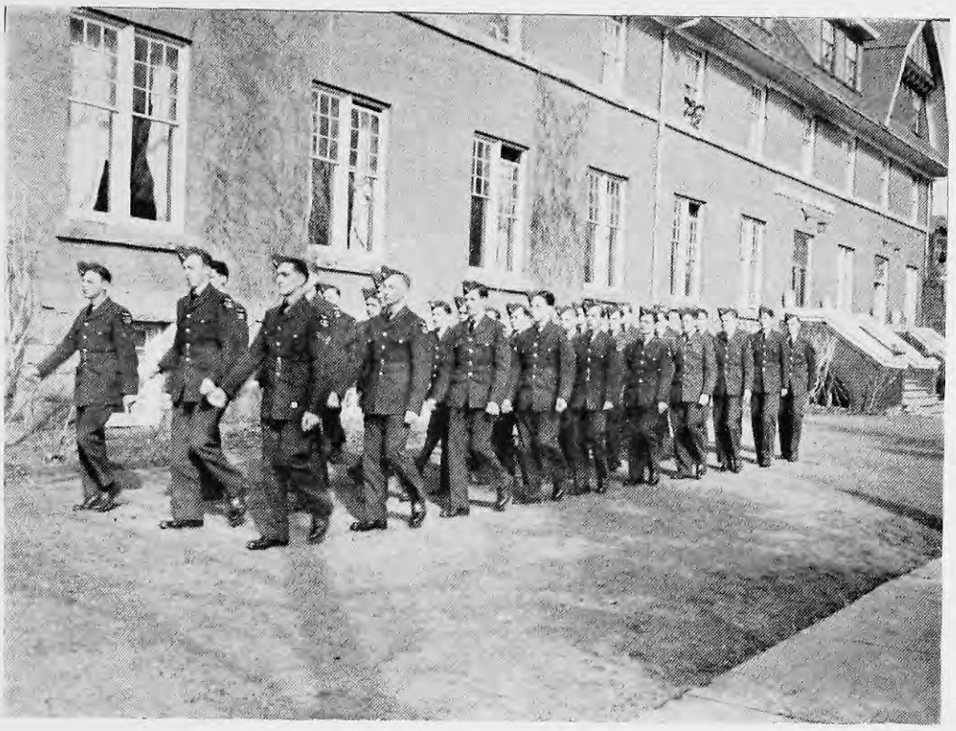
The veteran cannot understand how the modern war-lords can possibly direct the war to a peaceful conclusion without his invaluable experience. He is a home front strategist who settles the international problems at the supper table, but who is unknowingly carrying out the necessary task of maintaining an important battle line. This may be called the hour of heroes particularly because there are so many unsung.

The fact that we in Canada continue to worry about examinations of only indirect importance, while cities are being demolished; that we endeavour to print a college year book, while men in other parts of the world struggle for their very lives, expresses again the ever present though prosaic idea, that the world will continue regardless. Neither Hitler nor any of his gangster partners can bring this world to an end, though they may weary and cripple it through their attempts.

This 1943 "Varshicom" is the contribution of the students of Mount Royal College to the unspectacular life which must be kept going behind the lines. We extend thanks to all those who have helped to make this publication possible, and express the hope that the "Varshicom" will continue to appear in subsequent years of peace.

—Jane S. Rumsey.

The University Air Training Corps



About the time that the College opened ast Fall, the Royal Canadian Air Force announced that "The University Air Training Corps" would be available to College students, as well as the "Canadian Officers' Training Corps". The boys of Mount Royal College voted which of these organizations should be offered at the College and the voting was overwhelmingly in favor of the new Air Corps. Hence, on October 18, the No. 18 (Mount Royal College) Squadron University Air Training Corps, R.C.A.F., was formed with nearly fifty boys becoming members and with the Principal of the College as Squadron Leader.

Since Mount Royal College cannot have more than one training organization, it was arranged that any men enlisting for active duty or transferring to the University would have the privilege then of making the choice between the other arms of the Service. In the No. 18 Squadron the men got basic drill training that is common throughout the services and also training in the work of the Air Force which is valuable indeed. All boys over 17 had the privilege of volunteering for this Corps. Those over 19 and the members of the University classes had to become members and take the training while continuing their studies. The men of the Corps were issued with Air Force uniforms and equipment and are to be paid up to thirty days at the close of the camp in May. Each parade of two hours during the months of school being one third of a day and the days at camp are counted in full.

The work of the Squadron has been very interesting. There has been an average of three parades each week with a few extra ones arranged so that the syllabus might be covered by April. We were fortunate in having Fl.-Lt. Downie of No. 4 Command as our instructor in Drill and with Corporal Patton of No. 2 Wireless School as his assistant. Several very excellent instructors from No. 3 S.F.T.S. have given us Navigation, and Airmanship. Mr. J. Crane, of St. John Ambulance Association, gave the First Aid and instructors from No. 4 Command taught us Air Craft Recognition, Signals, etc. Mr. Glenn B. Hinchey of the Mount Royal College Faculty gave us instruction in Mathematics. In all these courses the men have done good work and attained high marks that have elicited expression of commendation from Command Headquarters.

On becoming members of the No. 18 Squadron each man is given a number beginning with "U" that he retains in becoming a member of the Active Air Force. Some eight men have enlisted for active training

during the year and each one has spoken of the consideration that has been given and the decided help that the training at Mount Royal College has been to him in his subsequent work in the Air Force.

The Squadron goes to the No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary, for two weeks of intensive training at the Easter holidays. There, special training will be given in flying, Station familiarization, etc., and more advanced work taken in Navigation, Airmanship, Signals, etc. This specialized training will mean that the Squadron should do much better work next fall and winter when these trained men will be able to assist the freshmen. This year we all began as freshmen in the U.A.T.C. and faced some difficulties that will be cleared away for next year.

News of The Year

●

Current events proved very interesting during the winter of 1942-43. *Important developments took place on all fronts and the Allies began to take the offensive. Here are some of the more important current events since the beginning of the school year.*

Wendell Wilkie arrived in Cairo en route to Russia, India, and China. The British announced that Rommel's attempted break through to the Nile Delta had definitely failed. The Japanese pushed through the gap at the high point of the Owen Stanley range and threatened Port Moresby, 44 miles away. On the twenty-sixth day of the battle for Stalingrad, the Russians announced that the Nazis had penetrated that city. Wilkie conferred with Stalin at the Kremlin, later calling for a second front "as soon as possible". The British occupied Tananarive, capital of Madagascar, and the Japanese began to retreat in New Guinea.

The month of October began with Mr. Wilkie arriving at Chungking. There was a Protocol for military aid to Russia signed by Britain, Russia, and the U.S.A. On October 7th John L. Lewis withdrew his United Mine Workers from the C.I.O. Germany said she would shackle 1,400 British prisoners of war. Canada fettered Germans in retaliation for indignity of the Germans to Canadian prisoners at Dieppe. Indians in the United States will no longer be classed as enemy aliens. Wilkie reported to the President after his 31,000 mile trip around the world. President Roosevelt signed the largest tax bill in the history of the United States. On the 22nd of the month, Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt arrived in Great Britain. Vice-Admiral William F. Halsey, Jr., succeeded Vice-Admiral Robert L. Ghormby as Allied commander in the South Pacific. News came that the United States had won the first round of the battle in the Solomon Islands.

The first news of importance in November was that Marshall Rommel's Afrika Corps, entrenched at the gates of the Nile Valley since July, broke and fled before the hammer blows of General Montgomery's Eighth Army. Dana Wilgress was appointed first Canadian Minister to Russia. United States forces landed in French North Africa in a 76-hour campaign. Canada broke off diplomatic relations with Vichy. On November 11 came the anniversary of the closing of the First World War. The Germans, in retaliation for the American landings in French North Africa, took possession of all France except a thirty-mile semi-circle around Toulon, where the greater part of the French fleet lay at anchor. A three-day naval battle, the greatest since the first World War, started in the Solomons. It ended in an American victory and was described by Secretary of the Navy, Knox as Round 2 of the campaign. The Allied forces ran into Tunisia for a showdown battle with the Axis for control of the south shore of the Mediterranean; in a three-day battle near Guadalcanal U.S. forces destroyed 23 Jap warships and transports, losing two light cruisers and seven destroyers. Elliott M. Little resigned as Canadian Director of Selective Service. Pierre Laval became dictator of Vichy. The Russians opened their winter offensives, by

attacks developing around Rzleo in the north and Stalingrad in the south. Sir Stafford Cripps resigned from the British War Cabinet. The Allies took Gona in Northern New Guinea and threatened the entire Japanese position in that area. Dakar and French West Africa joined the Allies. The greater part of the French fleet, reckoned to be the fourth strongest in the world at the beginning of the war, was scuttled by its crews at Toulon, to balk attempted seizure by the Germans. A two-day naval battle started in the Solomons.

December was another month in which a large number of important events occurred. Admiral Darlan assumed authority as Chief of State in French Africa. The Beveridge plan for social security in post-war Britain was given in the House of Commons. Gas rationing went into effect in the United States. The Allies announced the occupation of Gona in New Guinea. The British Eighth Army penetrated Rommel's position at El Agheila. Buna was captured. The Russians launched another major offensive in the Don region. Butter was rationed in Canada. The U.S. army and navy announced a plan to take over 200 to 300 colleges and universities as training grounds for men in the armed forces. Twelve Frenchmen were arrested in Algiers for a plot to assassinate General Giraud, successor of the murdered Darlan.

During January the Russian winter offensive continued in full force. The war in the Pacific was favourable to the Allies, and the Tunisian campaign was more or less at a standstill.

February saw the famous Casablanca conference. Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt, met with many of the noted men of the day in Casablanca to discuss world conditions and the winning of the war as quickly as possible. Most of these discussions were kept secret. It is hoped that from this Conference greater co-operation will be realized among the United Nations. Already we have seen some of the results of this conference, in the campaign in Tunisia. India's Ghandi went on another hunger strike. Canada's gas rations were cut again. Mrs. Roosevelt visited Canada. Madame Chiang Kai-Shek visited the United States. The Russians made vast gains, taking many important sectors and towns. Butter rations were once more cut in Canada and shoes were rationed in the United States.

The Allies have shown their striking power in Russia, Tunisia, New Guinea, and in raids over Europe. From the way in which they have shown their strength we can be confident that if we all keep pulling together, ultimate victory will be attained. We can then turn to the task of reconstruction and the building of a modern peaceful world.

Alice Finlayson.

Mount Royal Chemistry Laboratory

The "Scratch Pad"

GOING TO PRESS

Early in the school term a meeting was held of all students who were interested in the school paper. At that meeting the editor, James Allen, and co-editor, Aubrey Roe, were elected. Later the editors chose their staff of writers and typists. The staff chosen at that time consisted of Howard McRobbie as business manager, Russell Dixon as sports editor, Margaret Fowler as social editor, David Gosling as humour editor, Dick Clifford and Judy Shapiro as reporters, Eldon Foote as cartoonist, Robert Treacy as music editor, Mary Crooke in charge of typing, Kay Kemp and Robert Pulleyblank as literary editors.

Since that time the staff has been enlarged to include in the cartoon department Darryl Brayton, Robert Pulleyblank and Glen Cummins and in the typing department to include Irene Clarke, Peggy Campbell, Nellie Lamb, Joyce Thomas, and Frances May, along with other assistants. During the year seven issues were published. The first issue was published November 30th. As pointed out in the editorials the purpose of the paper was to offer constructive criticism. The paper progressed throughout the year from a ten page edition to a forty-six page edition. Throughout the year the editorial staff of the paper attempted, as far as possible, to present a fair census of the student body's opinion. As an aid in this effort they established a system of "Gallop Poll", similar to the international Gallop Poll. It proved to be of great assistance in finding out the general consensus of opinion, varying from school activities to international affairs. The paper has recorded faithfully the student body activities and in the years to come will prove to be of great assistance to future students. They will be able to see the attempts and the difficulties that were encountered by this year's students.

The column which perhaps possessed the greatest appeal for the students was the column, "Tales to Tell", which recorded the humorous and sometimes embarrassing incidents in the lives of the students. Another column which possessed considerable humor was the cartoon section. The year's sports activities, which were somewhat handicapped by the U.A.T.C. and the Women's War Services, were carefully recorded by the very competent sports editor, Russell Dixon. Another column which was very well handled

throughout the year was the Wee Willie stories, written by Bob Pulleyblank. They contained much humor which is characteristic of a person the age of "Willie". Perhaps one of the most outstanding features of the year was the cover of the final edition. It depicted in background the cross of Christ and in foreground soldiers of war of today. It was drawn and linocuts were made by Glen Cummins.

Throughout the year the editorials were directed towards improving conditions for the students as well as making suggestions of the opinions of the writers on national and international problems.

From Christmas on the editorial staff attempted to relieve the burden of publishing the paper from the Students' Union by selling advertising to the business houses of Calgary. They met with considerable response from the merchants.

The students of the school, along with the teaching staff, gave excellent support to the paper. Throughout the year a publication of well over 150 copies was circulated through the school. The many students who were approached to contribute articles or assist in the publication of the paper gladly responded.

From the Editor's Chair

The ink stains are all washed off, the waste paper swept up and the press has turned for the last time. For a while we are lost, and look vaguely around as if expecting some last minute job to turn up. The paper is finished for the year. The last page is run, and now we can look over a complete set of copies. Here is the first issue—pretty anaemic looking. Nothing much in it, in fact, it depended almost entirely on the column "Tales to Tell". The next issue contained the spirit that only Christmas could bring. It was as happy and carefree as we could make it. Perhaps the printing did go a bit fuzzy, something like burning the Christmas pudding. Well, at any rate, it was a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

The 1943 issues found us striving for technical perfection. Perhaps we tried too hard, for in the rush of printing we fell into editorial morass which took many, and sometimes hard, words to straighten out. In a way we felt a little bit sad about these issues, but perhaps we learned more from them than from the others. The more recent issues are scanned through next. The quality of printing sank just a little, finances were not so rosy as they had been, and already we had our eye on that final issue. At last we have this morning's paper! Well, you have it too, so—we'll let you, our readers, pass your own comments.

The fortunes of the paper staff have swung to and fro during the year. We have received many fine compliments on our work, compliments which we deeply appreciate. We have received criticism, but always criticism which was given fairly, though sometimes in the heat of the moment such criticism had its comical aspect. We can remember the time when, as a protective measure, we found it most necessary to barricade the door against an irate young lady. The old axiom that it is poor policy to argue with a mad blonde, held true on that occasion.

The paper staff has kept changing throughout the year. At first it was a close little group. Something along the line of: you do this, and you do that, and we'll have it done. Now it is a matter of the efforts of the unsuspecting many. For the past few issues it has not been safe to pass the press room, for those whose habit it is to tote the thin end of the load.

May we give our heart-felt thanks to those who have given their time and effort to making the paper worthy of Mount Royal. In the rush of business and the forgetfulness of the editors, many of you have been left to go your way. Whoever you are, thanks a million.

J. Allan.

Wee Willie of Mount Royal

When the first issue of the Mount Royal school paper was being compiled, the editors found a bonanza in the form of the Wee Willie stories, written by Robert Pulleyblank. Robert Pulleyblank is a University student with talents in many directions. He will draw a picture, caricature his closest friend, write a story or play his saxophone. The Wee Willie stories soon became a regular feature of the *Scratch Pad*. With every school function there was a story of Wee Willie's trials and tribulations, and his heart-rending entanglements with the girl-friend, Eutropia. The students of Mount Royal soon came to accept Willie and Eutropia as part of the gang.

The life-like quality of Willie is probably best illustrated by an amusing incident which occurred during the year. Robert Pulleyblank's little sister was so enthralled with the fictional character, that one day, when she was cuddled up on her big brother's knee, she inquired very sweetly, "Bobby, when are you going to bring Willie up to the house for supper?"

WILLIE AT THE BARN DANCE

Dear Editor:

I want to take this chance to tell you how much I enjoyed your barn dance. It reminded me of home and I was very glad I came into town that week end and I came to the dance with Eutropia who is at Mount Royal this year and is she ever cute, boy oh boy.

Well I came in to visit my Aunt Hattie and Eutropia is boarding with her, so at supper she says, "Let's go over to the college to the barn dance to nite and I'm sure glad you've come because I didn't have anyone to go with" so I says O.K. and after I'd got all dressed up in my new blue serge and Eutropia put on a pretty dress made of gingham or something we came over to the place.

Well there was a big guy at the door with a sheriff's badge on, called McGoon, and he said you can't come in if you've got any liquor, but I says shucks our still was donated to the scrap drive so we went in and there were a lot of girls there in old clothes but were they ever cute, boy oh boy.

Well the dance was good even if they did have only one hoe down and Eutropia showed me how to do all these jitter bug dances and down the program was swell with singing and everything. And even a cow, but you can't fool me—I knew it wasn't real and then we walked over to a place to eat and Eutropia held my hand, and is she ever cute, boy oh boy.

Well first we went to a Koffee Kounter, but I said to Tropic (she lets me call her Tropie) I'm not going to eat where they can't spell better than that, so we went to a White Spot and on the wall it said take a bag home, but Tropie hadn't finished her coffee, so I waited and took her home. After that and she kissed me on the porch, and is she ever cute, BOY OH BOY.

Well next day I had to go back to Smudgeville, so Tropic came to the station to kiss me good bye, and IS SHE EVER CUTE—BOY OH BOY.

Well when I got back to the home town depot there was Betsy Lou standing on the platform waiting for me and is she ever cute, boy oh boy.

Yours truly,

Willie.

WILLIE'S CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

Dear Editor:

Well, you asked me to tell you about my last trip to town as here is my letter. I came in on the train Friday night and stayed with Auntie and Eutropia couldn't go out because it was so close to Christmas exams and I stayed and helped her study and auntie went to her bridge club and is she ever cute boy oh boy (I don't mean auntie, although she's very nice too.)

Well, on Saturday morning I went down to do my Christmas shopping and when I went into the store I never saw so many people in my life, and first I wanted to get something for maw so I went up to a counter and a girl came up and says can I help you and was she ever cute, boy oh boy.

Well, before I could say what I wanted she had sold me an electric train and wrapped

it up and says five-ninety-five please, and after she's gone I realized that I don't know anyone under sixteen to give a train to and I decided to give it to paw because he's always been interested in engines.

Well, just then a big bunch of ladies came along and they must of wanted to get past but what they really did was run right over me and I lost my new $1.95 hat and most of the left arm of my coat and I was lucky to get out alive and then I went on shopping and what a crowd but the girls were very nice and helpful and were they ever cute boy oh boy.

Well, pretty soon I got hungry so I went into a cage and the waitress (who was also very cute) says what'll I do for you and I had a very good meal and after I ate my pie I asked her for another cup of coffee and she says are you kidding? don't you know there's a war on and I guess that's why so many people were wearing uniforms down town and it just goes to show how hard it is for a guy to keep track of all that goes on. So the girl says I see you are Christmas shopping and why don't you give them War Saving Stamps for Christmas and she tells me what they are and then I see a girl called Miss Canada and is she ever cute boy oh boy.

Well, I was Mr. Watermelon Hollow once so I go over and talk to her and she's selling these War Savings stamps so I buy quite a few. Well, then I am finished my shopping, so I go home and here is what I've got for everyone. I got a tennis racket and it is for my uncle who was caught in a sawmill and had his hands cut off and I got a strapless evening dress for my grandmother—she'll be 84 next February, bless her—and for everyone else I got War Savings Stamps because then seven years from now I won't have to buy them presents and you have to look ahead to these things. And for Eutropia I got a ticket to our town and she can come down for Christmas and is she ever cute, boy oh boy, and maybe next time I'll write and tell you about it.

Yours,

Willie.

●

FAREWELL FROM WILLIE

Deer people who read this column:

Well this is the last issue of the *Scratch Pad* they're putting out and in it I won't tell you a story like the others but I will try to correct an Idea some people have picked up. Well it seems from what I hear that a lot of people think that Bob Pulleyblank writes these stories, but anyone who knows him can see how obvious it is that he didn't because although he can write, his humor and his philosophical observations are on a much lower plane than mine in fact is he corny boy oh boy!

Well I want to tell you about my job as country correspondent for the *Scratch Pad* as too few of you have any idea of the labour required to put out the paper. Well every so often I hear that they are going to put out an issue of the *Scratch Pad* so on Saturday I come up to the College and go into the typing room and there is a long guy called Jim Allen and a short guy called Aubrey Roe tearing their hair and wondering why this Pulleyblank guy doesn't bring his story and I say do you want me to fill in again? and naturally they agree gladly so I produce the manuscript which I have prepared just in case of such an emergency, and they print it but because Pulleyblank is suppposed to be the Literary Editor they put his name at the top, so that's how the rumor got started that he writes these things.

Well besides the editors there are a lot of people on the paper like Howard McRobbie who carries a shovel around all the time looking for dirt and Russ Dixon who writes up the sport even when there isn't any sport and there used to be a guy called Graham who cranked the handle of the printing machine sometimes but he's gone now and we all miss him because who writes the Social column, and also crowded into the room are a bunch of girls such as Irene Clarke, Peggy Campbell, Nellie Lamb, Mary Crook, Muriel McBratney, who do the typing and are they ever cute, boy oh boy!

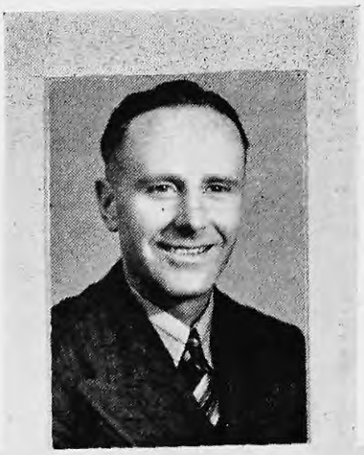
Well all this mob gets in one room and sometimes Glen Cummins is there drawing the craziest pictures and everybody tears their hair and types and writes articles and cuts stencils for about five hours and this time Roe and Allen are almost bald and everyone is disgusted and quits and will have no more to do with the paper but on Monday when it comes out you should see the staff reading their own articles and smirking and saying Not bad, I sort of outdid myself this week and especially Pulleyblank even though he never wrote his at all—and I bet he tries to get away with it again this time even though I've warned you.

Well I got to go now and I want to say that I've really enjoyed writing stories for the paper this year and if any of you are ever in my part of the country look me up.

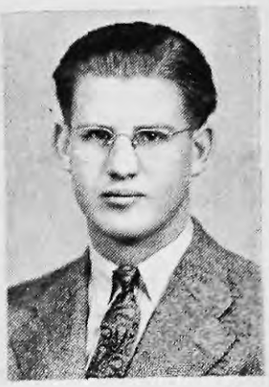
Yrs. truly,

Willie van Sassafrass.

M. R. C. STUDENTS' COUNCIL 1942-43

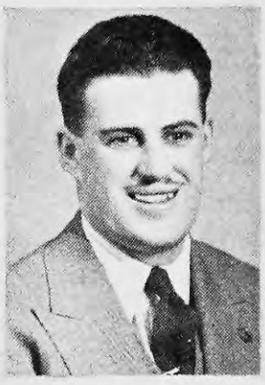


MR. O. A. KELLY
Faculty Representative



NORMAN HOVAN
President

ELDON FOOTE
Vice-President



ALAN GRAHAM
Treasurer

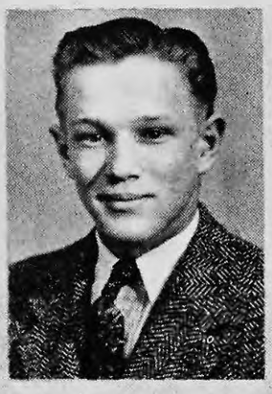
JIM ALLAN
High School

DICK CLIFFORD
Treasurer

VERA REDDEKOPP
High School

HELEN STAFFORD
Secretary

MARY WEIR
Commercial



GLEN CUMMINS
University

RUSSELL DIXON
Social

Sports at M. R. C.

It was on a sunshiny day a long, long time ago (it must be at least five months) that Mr. Kelly called the students into the Auditorium for a Sports Meeting. On this momentous occasion, a sports committee was elected which consisted of Chuck Keating, Jack Garden, Phyllis Hodnett and Vera Reddekopp.

One of the first subjects mentioned was Rugby. While Mr. Kelly and Jack discussed at length this neck-breaking game, the rest of the committee sat back and watched their dreams fade—dreams of becoming either veritable Tarzans with bulging biceps, or sylph-like Dianas. It was realized that this was not a year for sports. Our hopes of Inter-Scholastic sports were forgotten. There is a war on, and the youthful energies of the students have been temporarily averted from sports, and turned toward the playing of a greater game—to that of "Wiping Out Hitler."

However there was time for some sports. We started with gusto, and bent our talents along five main lines—Badminton, Bowling, Rugby, Basketball and Hockey.

BADMINTON

Before the problems of our school and war work had become too involved, most of the students had become enthusiastic racket-swingers. A mixed doubles Badminton Tournament was organized with eight couples competing. After many breath-taking battles the finals were reached, with Norman Charkow-Pauline MacDermid defeating Marvin Bishop-Vera Reddekopp.

We deem it fitting to say here that Norman Charkow, who was with us at the first of the year was possibly one of the best badminton players to ever grace our court.

Owing to many factors, we have been unable to hold another such tournament, but it is sincerely hoped that in the near future we may have another competition.

BOWLING

This year, for the first time in the history of Mount Royal College a Bowling League was organized. It was becoming quite a custom to trek down to the Bowling Alleys on Thursday afternoons, and the enthusiastic supporters of this popular game thought it would be wise to organize a League. So without further ado, seven teams were drawn up by Jim Allen, Audrey Hall and Vera Reddekopp. The names of the teams were the Collegiates, Amateurs, Spares, Strikes, Royals, Alleys and the Camels.

The competition was terrific—each team of course trying to get a higher total than the opposing teams. There were hecklers in abundance. After each person had bowled his frame he would dash over to the opposing team and heckle to his heart's content.

The members of the Alleys—Mike Gibney, Bob Pulleyblank, Margaret Tedesco, Isobel Munro, Bernard Laven and Jack Ross—proved to be the best hecklers. They won 10 games out of the 14 games bowled.

The highest individual scorer for the League was Don Medhurst, whose average was 211. The second highest was Gordon Murphy with an average of 169. The third highest was—well, this could go on indefinitely.

Maybe it was lack of energy, maybe it was lack of money, but I believe it was lack of time, which caused us to close our Bowling League. (It is hard to Bowl with a navigation book in one hand, splints in the other, and Morse Code on the brain, isn't it?)

RUGBY

Although a Rugby meeting was held at the first of the term, it was found unwise to organize a school team. Some of the boys, however, proved to be very helpful members of city teams, and possibly next year they will be able to lead the boys of M.R.C. into a forest of Rugby laurels.

BASKETBALL

Under the capable and instructive leadership of Isobel Munro a Basketball team was organized. Every Tuesday for a period of about seven weeks, a practice was held in the Gym. Although the team was really whipped into fine shape (where did you get that cat o' nine tails, Izzie?) no outside games were played. However, it was really wonderful for girlish figures, and the girls thoroughly enjoyed those weekly workouts.

HOCKEY

The sport that aroused the most enthusiasm from the M.R.C. students was Canada's major game, hockey. As soon as the cold weather set in, the Crystal Rink was rented, and the boys got out their blades and went seriously at hockey. Under the able coaching of Alan Graham, and the management of our own McGoon, the boys began to look like a team. I have often wondered how much it cost McGoon in sweat, to take out the kinks after the first few practices.

Mr. Garden tried hard to get us into a League in Calgary, but it was without success. However, the M.R.C.'s in their green and white uniforms had a lot of fun in the few games they played. It was funny to see the gang struggling down to breakfast after a terrific Friday night.

If it hadn't been for McGoon's efficient manner in dragging people out of bed or in pounding their ribs until it finally dawned on them that he wanted them to get up, the hockey club wouldn't have been what it was.

The first game the team played was with the Navy. It snowed, but the game was still fast, clean, and snow-laden. Who do you think won?—That's right, the Navy, by a score of 2–1. However, I think that we put up a good show for the first game, and the team certainly gained a lot of experience.

After that game the boys really settled down to improving the team. The official team that finally arose from the maze of uniforms was as follows: In goal we had a very smart net minder—Jack Garden. On the defense line there was Chuck "The Bruiser" Keating, and Bill "Typhoon" Gordon; the forwards included the captain, Stan "St. Stephen" Kobluk, Marven Bishop, Don Gould, Bill Wilson and Don Medhurst. Where was Dixon? Oh, he was wandering between the defence and the forward line. Usually he was a pace ahead of the defence and two behind his line. In the capable line of substitutes there were Clare Malmberg for goal, Howie McRobbie and Don Dunlop on defence and for forwards Eldon Foote and Herschell Fawcett.

In my opinion that flash from Foremost, Don Medhurst, was the hardest working player.

Our second game was with Central High School. Again I may ask, "Who do you think won?" Again, you are right! Central. In consideration of the fact that half of the Central team played for the Calgary Argos or Royals, the score of 5–3 showed that our boys were really playing good hockey.

The grand finale of the hockey season came when the Mount Royal boys went to Olds to tangle with the Olds Agricultural team. Wo do you think won? Ah-h-h you are wrong—WE did. Sport history was made that night when a team from Mount Royal College beat that of the Agricultural College. The team left Calgary on Saturday afternoon, January 12 at 5 o'clock (most of the team—anyway, our goalie—missed the train). We arrived in Olds in high spirits, had a bite to eat, and proceeded to the arena. Although the crowd was lacking the makings of a good hockey game were not. We had one very enthusiastic supporter, Isobel Munro, and her encouragement cheered us on to victory. The final score was 5–4, the goals for out side being scored by Kobluk, Gordon, Bishop, Wilson and Medhurst. After the match the coach gathered up his brood, and we all went over the dance at the College (need I mention wolves?) Following the dance, the team was treated to a big steak dinner. In the wee sma' hours the boys settled down to a quiet (?) night's sleep in the hotel, and came back to Calgary the next day.

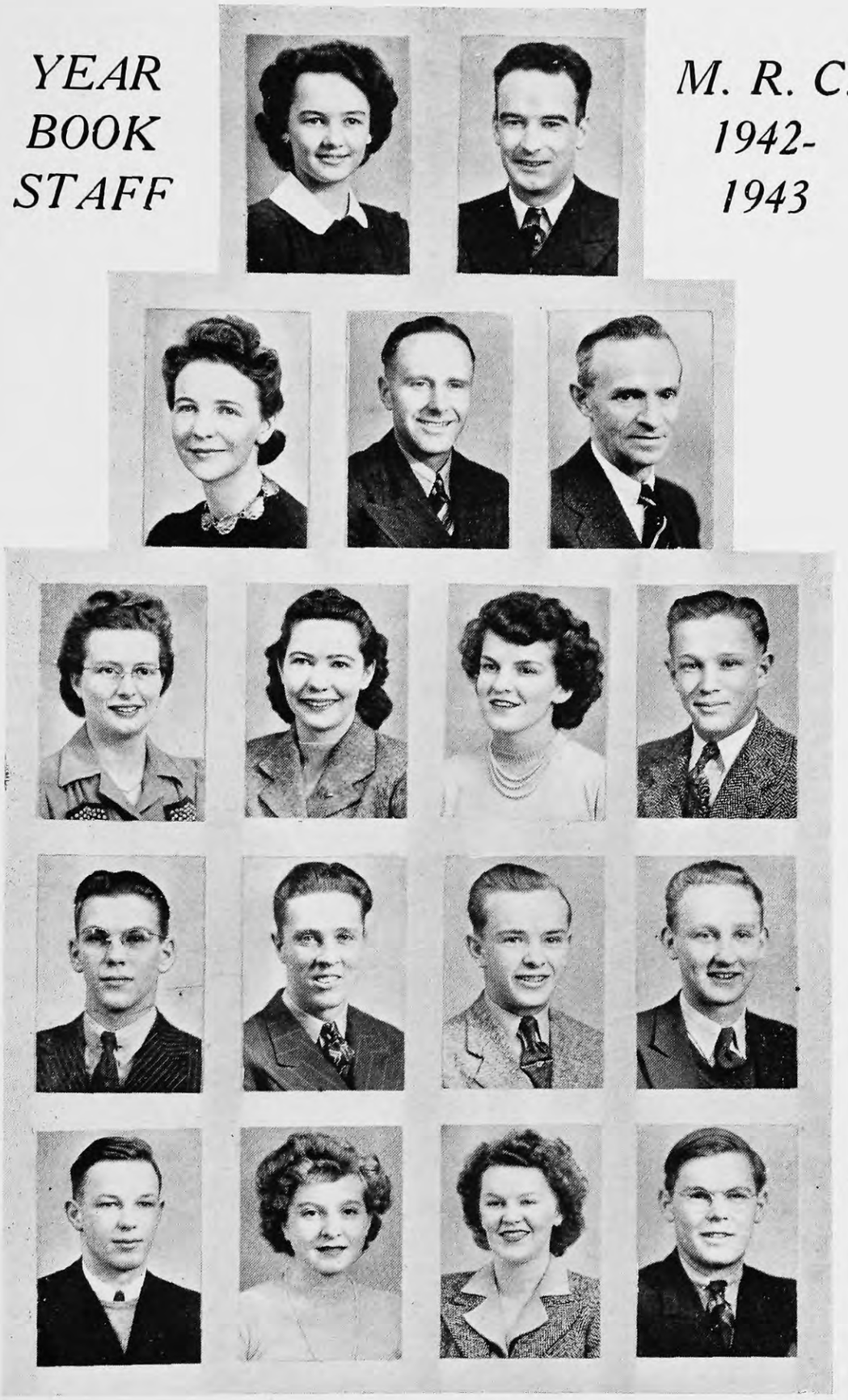
So ended the hockey season at Mount Royal College. We had only three games but they are dear to the boys because of the fun and sport they provided.

Well, that pretty well covers the 1942-43 sports activities. However, before this memorable term passes, I am sure that the sports fans of dear old M.R.C. will have had some good baseball. In this connection we will miss Alan Graham whose baseball career is known all over Southern Alberta (at least, he's well-known in Coaldale). Mr. Kelly has great plans for a baseball team, and possibly a field day in the near future.

Nineteen-Forty-Three has been a grave year. The students of M.R.C. realize this, and because their spare time has been used for war work, sports have been of secondary importance. But there is a day coming, in that bright future which we are fighting for, when sports will be an essential part of the school curriculum. Until that day, let us co-operate as heartily to win this war, as we would if we were playing in a National League Hockey Game.

YEAR BOOK STAFF

M. R. C. 1942-1943



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Mount Royal Alumnae

Among the many boys in the armed forces who have dropped in to see how things are going at the College are:

Norman Barber, now an LAC.

Bill Christopherson, of Brant, who has just got his wings and commission as a Pilot Officer. He is stationed in Prince Edward Island.

Delmar Foote, now a sub-lieutenant in the Navy, and enjoying life patrolling the west coast in Wallace Beery's yacht, converted into a coastguard cutter.

W. H. R. Gibney, whose young brother, Mike, is still about, is in the Air Force.

Lieut. W. E. Hitchins, former Dean of the College, is seen about here quite frequently.

Lieutenant Bill Hutton is stationed at Currie at present and says the training Doc. Leacock gave him on the mountain trails is standing him in good stead.

Lieutenant Fred McKay blows in occasionally and is the same breezy and cheery person he was.

Malcolm McKenzie (Ashes to you) is stationed at Currie at present.

Francis Poxon (Dusty) is flying around Macleod and Gleichen.

Lieutenant Aylmer Ryan dropped in while on a leave.

John Staniforth is in the Navy and Ray Torgrimson has his wings and is now a sergeant pilot.

Jack Westbrook has his commission and had the honor of receiving his wings from his father.

George Hill is a pilot officer overseas at present.

Captain Bill Payne and Major R. L. Purves were both in the Dieppe raid and came through safely.

Sergeant Pilot Harvey Barker was reported missing in January after a raid over Germany —no more word has come through.

Sergeant Douglas Bevan is also reported missing.

Constable Pat Beach of the R.C.M.P. is stationed at Milestone Saskatchewan.

Eleanor Glynn is taking an arts course at the University of Washington in Seattle.

Fred Bird is also in the U.S.A., studying petroleum engineering at the University of Oklahoma.

John Carmichael is on the engineering staff of a paper mill at Kapuskasing, Ontario.

Jim Murray, of Blackie, is now in the army.

Don Cody and Don Rees are studying medicine at the University of Alberta.

Bevery Roberts and Kay Harper are working in Lethbridge.

Margaret Willox is now looking after the grub situation at Mount Royal College and the students miss very few meals.

Cy. Pow is studying medicine at McGill University in Montreal.

Mrs. D. Stevens is teaching at Rocky Mountain House.

Don Jones is in the navy and we saw his picture in the Herald this winter.

Malcolm Bews is farming at Turner Valley but will be in the air force shortly after this appears.

Eustace Bowhay is farming in Simons Valley but is frequently seen hovering about the College.

Don Sellar is chasing around away up on the Mackenzie River.

Ellis Banta is at the No. 4 B. and G. School at Fingal, Ontario.

Terry Harrison is attending school at Vancouver and John Gouge is doing the same at Victoria.

Alan Amundsen is in the Navy.

Frank Thorne is working at Turner Valley but drops in for a visit nearly every weekend.

Flying Officer Ronald Ryall is fighting the Axis in West Africa.

Care of Health

The Principal is persuaded that the best progress of the students, individually and collectively, demands that all possible care be taken to safeguard the physical well-being of each one. Each resident student receives careful medical examination, and where physical defects obtain, such as poor eyesight, defective teeth, etc., the parent or guardian is advised of the same. These examinations are made by Dr. G. D. Stanley, M.B. (Toronto), the College physician.

"We Do Not Forget"

Mount Royal College holds in proud and revered memory the names of hundreds of former and present students who are on Active Service. We are sorry that it is impossible to list all the names in this Year Book. An "Honor Roll" is being prepared and will be hung in the main corridor at Commencement in June. We specially remember those who have made the supreme sacrifice. Their example is a constant inspiration to us all.

"They shall not grow old as we who are left grow old.
Age shall not wither them, nor the years contemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them."

God Save our Gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God Save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

Our loved Dominion bless
With peace and happiness
From shore to shore;
And let our Empire be
United, loyal, free,
True to herself and Thee
For evermore.

Women's War Services

A wartime group was organized at Mount Royal College in September, 1942. The University girls, under the jurisdiction of the University of Alberta in Edmonton, arranged to fulfill 60 hours of compulsory war work, while the girls as a whole were asked to volunteer a minimum of 80 hours to this work. The response was exceptionally good, and arrangements were speedily made for class instruction in First Aid, Air Raid Precautions work, military elementary Drill, and Social Service.

The military drill was the first branch of the work organized. Soon after the opening classes, Mr. John Hunt drilled the girls on the College grounds. The first parades of course were rather ungainly, but showed much promise. Not long after, Mrs. Hart and Mrs Ryan, St. John's Ambulance certificate instructors, came to lecture in First Aid. These classes aroused much genuine interest, so that students' friends and families found themselves compelled to become patients suffering from every kind of malady. They were handled and bandaged at first with clumsiness and hesitation, but as the classes progressed, with ever-increasing care and ability.

Along with First Aid, A.R.P. instruction was given twice a week by Miss Frances May, C.W.V.R., a certificate holder in this wartime service. The chief subject studied was the recognition and treatment of poisonous war gases. Some elementary respirator drill was also undertaken with the study of the respirator itself and its treatment.

As classes continued, military elementary drill, held weekly in the gymnasium, became a very important part of the work uuder the able instruction of Captain Jean Gauld, Officer Commanding the Service Group, and Sergeant Bartlett of Military District 13.

Supplementing these regular classes held at Mount Royal College, social service and Canteen help was given on a voluntary basis to the Salvation Army Red Shield Huts. For set periods, usually a week at a time a Salvation Army station wagon called at the College for three or four girls and took them to the canteen at Currie Barracks. There the girls worked behind the counter, serving coffee and sandwiches to men and women in the Army and Air Force. At 10-00 o'clock the Salvation army drove the girls home. Although this was a voluntary war job, it was always one anticipated and enjoyed.

Captain (Miss) Jean Gauld, a graduate of one of the Women's War Service work in Alberta, was Officer Commanding. Captain Gauld, before coming to Mount Royal College was the organizer and O.C. of the C.W.V.R. (Canadian Women's Volunteer Reserve) at Medicine Hat.

Women's War Work has been undertaken with energy and interest at Mount Royal College. The girls have realized the importance of such participation, and done the work in their own time, and have done it earnestly. Examinations were held in A.R.P. work and in First Aid, for which, results were exceedingly encouraging. If compulsory enlistment of women were passed in Canada, the women of Mount Royal College would be ready.

NIGHT

R. Campbell, Daniel McIntyre Collegiate, Winnipeg.

Calm and cool the stately night comes on,
Folding earth in loving arms till dawn.
Hear the rustle of her trailing robes,
Gliding down the dusty, endless roads.
Heed the sound as at your door she knocks,
Peace within her bosom calm she locks.
Seek her out, for in her heart you'll find
Rest, which she endows to all mankind.

A Scene from "The Minuet"

A scene from "In Spite of Our Families"

The Mount Royal College Masquers

In the fall of the year a Drama Club was formed at Mount Royal College. The club was under the direction of Miss Grace Trinder, who is director of the department of dramatics and elocution at Mount Royal College. The club chose for their name, "The Mount Royal College Masquers".

Directly after the formation of the club the members commenced work upon a one act play, entitled, "The Minuet". With the coming of the new year, the membership of the club was increased, and the company commenced rehearsals upon two other plays, entit'ed "In Spite of Our Families" and "The Carved Woman". During the spring months rehearsals were steadily conducted until the plays were ready for public production. The curtain rose on the first public production of the Mount Royal Masquers on the 26th of March.

The first play of the evening was "The Carved Woman". It was an Amerindian masque, depicting the pagan beliefs of the Indian tribes. The part of Singing Man was very ably played by Robert Treacy, while the Considerate Man was played by Clyde Dixon. Miss Elizabeth Wilson sang and danced the very difficult role of the Beloved Woman. The second play of the evening was a period piece of the French Revolution. The leading characters were Woodrow Laboret and Miss Georgia Henderson. Mr. Richard Clifford, supported the stars very well by his excellent portrayal of the minor role of the Gaoler. The evening performance was concluded with the hilarious comedy, "In Spite of Our Families". The romantic entanglements of the plot kept the audience guessing throughout the entire performance. The loving couple was played by Clyde Dixon and Miss Elizabeth Wilson, both of whom displayed too great a talent to be inexperienced. The in-laws were depicted by Richard Clifford and Miss Georgia Henderson.

At present the Mount Royal Masquers are beginning the preparation of a second evening of dramatic entertainment. They hope to be able to present their second evening during the month of June.

The students of Mount Royal are looking forward to the opportunity of once again seeing these players, who have already given us such excellent performances.

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We hear that Hinch has been early of late. He used to be behind before, but the other day he was first at last.

—V—

It is just as bad to be young and broke as it is to be old and bent.

—V—

An old timer is one who can remember when concentration meant what we do the night before exams instead of the camp where we put all good Nazis.

Ready to Help

An invitation is extended to any student or teacher, who desires special information regarding agriculture, to communicate with the Publicity Department, Alberta Wheat Pool, Calgary.

You will find this department ready to provide you with information on grain handling, marketing, or any other agricultural question.

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The Printer gets the money,
While we get all the blame.

—V—

I once had a bottle of rye,
'Twas the best that money could buy;
I hired a feller to clean out my cellar—
I once had a bottle of rye.

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MacBeth—Make haste, old women, make haste!
Three Witches—Alright, Mac, we'll be wich ya in a minute.

—V—

I have searched through all the year books,
From the time of nineteen-nine,
But all the jokes seem corny
To this feeble brain of mine,
And if I hear one giggle,
One small sweet laugh of glee,
I can then die happy,
For that's quite enough for me.

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Second Ditto—She couldn't say a thing; I turned out the light.

—V—

They say he was put to death by elocution.

—V—

Love is the star men look up to as they walk along, and marriage is the coal-hole they fall into.

—V—

Bigamy is having one wife too many. Monogamy is the same.

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The meeting it was sudden;
The meeting it was sad—
She gave her fair young life away,
The only life she had.
And now she's gently sleeping
Beneath a hawthorne bough—
For there's always something doing
When a freight train meets a cow!

—V—

A Scotsman fell in front of a steam-roller, and seeing that he was sure to be killed, he turned over on his side so his pants would be pressed for the funeral.

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Foote—Yes, but you didn't have the same doctor.

—V—

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—V—

"Doctor" Hovan—This man has spastic paralysis in his lips.
Nurse—Oh, no, he's just waiting for the orderly to bring back his spittoon

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Are your eggs fresh?
Madam, the hen doesn't realize I've got them yet!

—V—

Professor—A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.
Student—Maybe that is why so many of us are flunked so hard by so few.

—V—

She sat on the steps at eventide,
Enjoying the balmy air;
He came and asked, "May I sit by your side?"
And she gave him a vacant stair.

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Medhurst—Are you free this evening?
Elaine—Well, not exactly free but very inexpensive.

—V—

Bishop—What are you doing with your socks on inside-out?
Ross—My feet got hot so I decided to turn the hose on them.

—V—

Roses are red,
Violets are blue.
Sugar is sweet—
Wasn't it?

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Father (at dinner)—Another bite like that and you'll leave the table.
Sonny—Another bite like that and I'll be finished.

—V—

Shyly he put his arm about her slim waist;
Boldly he kissed her in youth's eager haste.
Madly he consumed her glorious charm,
Then he woke and turned off the alarm.

—V—

She has a head like a door-knob; any man can turn it.

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"I have a pain in the abdomen," said the rookie to the M.O.

"My man," replied the medico, "officers have abdomens; sergeants have stomachs; you have the belly-ache."

—V—

A lecture is the process by which the notes of the teacher pass to the notes of the student without passing through the heads of either.

—V—

Any mechanism hard to manage is usually feminine.

—V—

Says Gosling, "I get my exercise acting as pall bearer to my friends who exercise."

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Visitor—Won't you walk as far as the street car with me, Mac?
MacDonald—Sorry, I can't.
Visitor—Why not?
MacDonald—Because we are going to have dinner as soon as you leave.

—V—

They met on the bridge at midnight,
They'll never meet again,
For one was an east-bound heifer,
The other a west-bound train.

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Doc—Did you take a shower last night?
Medhurst—No, is there one missing?

—V—

Where ya bin?
To the river.
Whut fer?
Hadda spit.

—V—

Joke—Something found anywhere where Gosling isn't.

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Graham—I suppose you dance?
Marg Fowler—Yes, I love to.
Graham—That's better'n dancing.

—V—

Photographer—Do you want a large or small picture?
Foote—A small one.
Photographer—Then close your mouth.

—V—

"Why this water runs off my back like water off a duck's back," said the duck.

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Vera—There is a man following me and I think he is drunk.
Helen—Yes, he must be.

—V—

Peggy Campbell—Just think, statistics show that every time I breath someone dies.
Iran—Better try Listerine.

—V—

Driving Instructor—What would you do if your brakes suddenly failed?
Roe—Hit something cheap.

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- A Friendly Gesture

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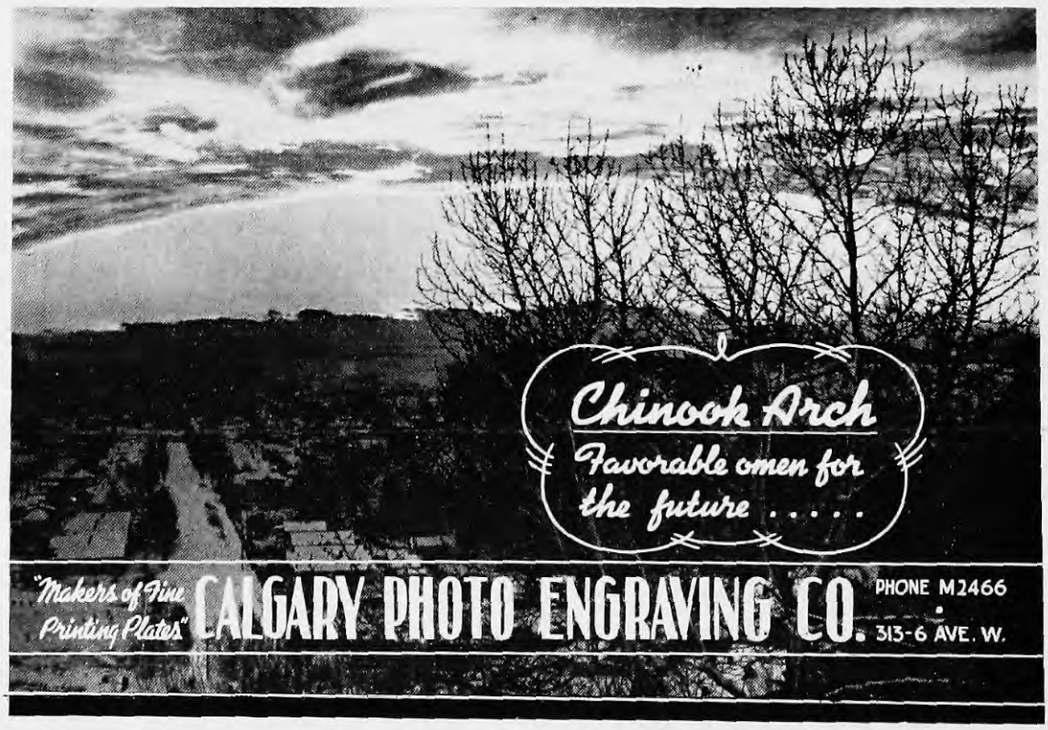
Marie—Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the pavement?
Pulleyblank—Sure. Did you think it would go right through?

—V—

Definition of Gillie's ties: A zebra walking into an aurora borealis down where the belt begins.

—V—

Joy—Am I the first girl you ever kissed?
Bowhay—Yes, why?
Joy—Well, the other girls haven't missed much.



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•

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Brayton was applying for a job as life guard last summer.
"Can you swim?" asked the official.
"No, but you ought to see me wade!"

—V—

Dust is mud with the juice squeezed out.

—V—

Keating—Hadn't I better shake that rug?
Dixon—No, hang it up, that's my towel.

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Early to bed, early to rise,
Keeps the room-mate from wearing your ties.

—V—

Simpson—What is "college bred", Pop?
Father—They make "college bred" from the flour of youth and the dough of old age.

—V—

Miss Hurshfield—How much are those plums?
Grocer—Twenty cents a peck.
Miss H.—What do you think I am, a bird?

A Good Thing to Learn

—for school age and for your grown-up years, is that

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The BUTTER THAT BETTERS the BREAD

Since we do not print these jokes on tissue paper some of you may not be able to see through them.

—V—

An American paper claims that 75 per cent of all college girls will pet. We would like to know what the other 25 per cent call it.

—V—

Elaine—How does one tell if a man is drunk?
Donald—You see those two men over there? Now, if I were drunk I would see four instead of two.
Elaine—Yes, but there is only one.

—V—

Diet: For the thin,
Don't eat fast.
For the fat,
Don't eat—fast!

—V—

He admired my figure in English and wanted to prove it in Braille.

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Front doors do not a prison make,
Nor fire-doors a cage.

—V—

"Did you go to Sunday School when you were a boy?"
"Yes, my son, I always went to Sunday School."
"Well, dad, I think I'll quit going; it isn't doing me any good either."

—V—

Bishop was up in court the other day, charged with driving while being in a state of infatuation.

—V—

The world is full of willing people. Some are willing to work and the rest are willing to let them.

Where to Go -- Who to See In Calgary

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CHOCOLATE BARS

Doc—If you wanted to go to the hockey game why didn't you ask me first?
Brayton—Because I wanted to go.

—V—

Aubrey wants to join up before he becomes completely bald because he is afraid they will make him into a human torpedo.

—V—

Blaney—I'm afraid that that train will beat us to the crossing.
Treacy—That's not what I'm afraid of; I'm afraid it will be a tie.

For Victory --- and then?

The soldiers of freedom press forward to Victory on the battlefields of the world. They fight to preserve our way of life. But after Victory— what then? Will your generation forget the lessons that have been so bitterly learned? From your education will come the leadership of the future, leadership that must ensure the Victory for which we fight today, will grow into a newer Freedom, and lasting Peace, tomorrow.

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A little worry is alright,
Providing it doesn't cry all night.

—V—

Jean H.—Horseback riding gives me a headache.
Kay Russel—That makes us opposites.

—V—

To put humor in the mouths of some
Keeps Yours Truly on the run.

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Rowan—How did you get those bumps on your head?
Gould—I had tonsilitis.
Rowan—Tonsilitis?
Gould—Yes, the doctor ran out of ether.

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DOWNSTAIRS

Phone 95-226 208 Eighth Avenue West

Never hit a man when he is down—he may get back up again.

—V—

What's wrong with a guy asking you if you can dance?
I was dancing with him when he asked me.

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Fawcett—My feet are sticking out of the covers.
McRobbie—Why don't you pull them in?
Fawcett—I don't want those cold things in bed with me.

—V—

Father: You know it seems to be the languages that cost most at University. Look at this bill: Scotch, $100.00.

—V—

She's as pretty as a picture—nice frame, too.

—V—

Being an old maid is like death by drowning—a really delightful sensation after one ceases to struggle.

—V—

Roses are red, violets are blue,
The rain on the roof,
Reminds me of you—
Drip, drip.

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Old Lady—I should think that you would be ashamed to beg in this neighborhood.

Tramp—Oh, don't apologize for it ma'am. I've seen worse.

—V—

Laughter is a shock absorber. He who laughs—lasts.

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DRY CLEANERS

M 7931 — LICENSED SANITONE CLEANER — Calgary

Dunlop—Isn't that an awful picture of me? I look like a monkey.
Foote—You should have thought of that before you had it taken.

—V—

Peggy—Do you play the trumpet by ear or by note?
Murphy—I get down and play it by brute strength.

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128 - 8th Avenue West

He: Is the pleasure of the next dance to be mine?
She: Entirely.

—V—

1*st Cat*: Where's your son Tommy, tonight?
2*nd Cat*: Oh, he's out taking fencing lessons.

—V—

A co-ed says the thing she likes about knitting is that it takes her mind off what she is talking about.

—V—

There are no two people in the world alike and they are both glad of it.

—V—

Experience is what we get when it's too late to keep us from doing what we shouldn't have done.

—V—

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never hath turned his head, and said,
"Hmmmmmm, not bad."

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There was a young fellow named Izzie,
Who went for a ride in his lizzie.
His view of the train
Was hid by the rain.
Alas for poor Izzie, where is he?

—V—

"I believe it is the kitsum to cuss the bride?" said the rattled clergyman

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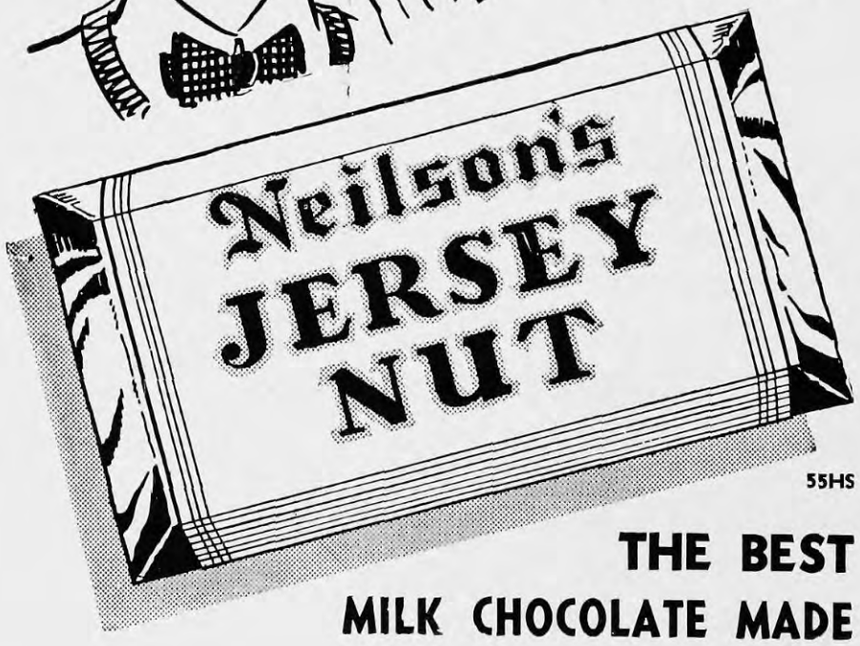

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